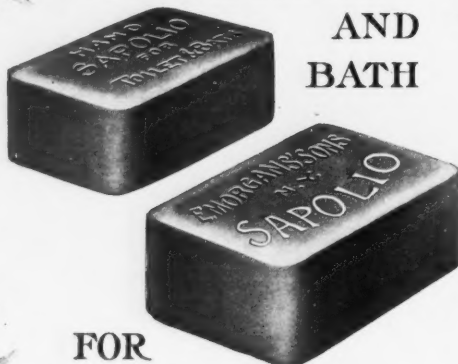


lier's



VEST

FOR THE TOILET
AND
BATH



FOR
HOUSEWORK

Two Soaps with but a Single Thought—
"CLEANLINESS"

Do You Know the **BURR McINTOSH MONTHLY?**

If not, get acquainted with it and you will not be without it a single month in the year. It is the most beautiful, artistic and sumptuous periodical ever produced. Its illustrations, both in half-tone and colors, are not only selected with rare discrimination as to subjects and timeliness—but executed and printed in a manner which produces a result not hitherto attained.



PAULA FRICKERICKS
From the September number. Much reduced in size.

Every Picture is Worthy of Framing
and you will find thousands of them handsomely framed in the finest American homes.

The October Number

will be the most artistic and interesting that has yet been issued. **Clara Morris**, the well-known author and actress, contributes an attractive article, a personal sketch of **Madame Jane Hading**, the French actress. The illustrations are unusually interesting, containing among other things scenes from the Philippine Islands, along the route of Secretary Taft.

If you are a lover of art, if you want the most beautiful pictures and interesting stories, you should by all means subscribe for **THE BURR McINTOSH MONTHLY**.


Two Special and Very Liberal Offers

Send us \$3.00, the regular subscription price, and we will send you **THE BURR McINTOSH MONTHLY** for the year 1906, and, in addition, absolutely free, the October, November and December 1905 Monthlies. The December number always sells at 50 cents a copy.

Or, just to get acquainted, send us \$1.00 and we will send you the September, October, November and December (50 cents a copy) 1905 numbers, and also, without extra cost, the 50-cent December 1904 number. You ought to take advantage of either of these liberal offers to-day.

BURR PUBLISHING COMPANY, N-4 West 22d St., New York

USE A **Hamilton Rifle.**



THE boy who wants a genuine good time this fall, should go out in the woods every Saturday with a **Hamilton Rifle** and learn the enjoyment that comes from being close to nature, the thrill that follows the topping over of "bunny," the pleasure of bringing down the bird on the wing and the satisfaction that goes with a well-filled game bag. The **Hamilton Rifle** is a 22 cal. rifle made in three different styles that sell at \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00. A better value for the money you never saw. Our latest Take Down model No. 22 is a revelation in rifle making. All first class dealers handle them. If yours doesn't, send for catalogue and particulars to
HAMILTON RIFLE CO., Box 181, PLYMOUTH, MICH.



Copyright 1905 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

THE box-back Varsity is one of our latest sack suit models. Ask your clothier to show it to you; one of the most stylish of the season.

You don't run any risk of the "mercerized cotton" cheat or any other adulteration with our label.

It's a small thing to look for, a big thing to find. The Style Book is ready; sent for six cents; a good clothes guide.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Good Clothes Makers
Chicago Boston New York

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

What the Medical Profession thinks of it as a Remedy in Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism, and all Uric Acid Troubles. "The Most Valuable Mineral Water in Use."

Dr. Graeme M. Hammond, of New York, Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital: "In all cases of **BRIGHT'S BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** of the greatest DISEASE I have found ment known to me for increasing the quantity of urine and in ELIMINATING the ALBUMEN. In GOUT and RHEUMATISM it is highly beneficial. I have long regarded **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** as the most valuable mineral water in use."

Dr. William Doughty, former Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, Medical College of Georgia, Augusta: "**BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** is the only reliable treatment known to me for the permanent relief of gravel, and the antecedent conditions that determine it."

Dr. J. T. LeBlanchard, Professor Montreal Clinic, S.M., S.N., V. U.: "I have used **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in most obstinate cases of Chronic Inflammation of the Bladder, in Stone of the Bladder, in Uric Acid Gravel, with the most efficacious results."

Dr. P. B. Barringer, Chairman of Faculty and Professor of Physiology, University of Virginia: "After an experience of more than twenty years, I have no hesitancy in stating that for prompt results I have found nothing to compare with **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in preventing Uric Acid deposits in the body."

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally.


Testimonials which defy all imputation or questions sent to any address.

PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

MUSIC LESSONS FREE

at your home. For a limited time we will give free, for advertising purposes, 36 music lessons on either Piano, Organ, Banjo, Guitar, Cornet, Violin or Mandolin (your expense will only be the cost of postage and the music you use, to be paid for as needed). We teach by mail only and guarantee success or money refunded. Hundreds write: "With I had heard of you before." Write to-day. Address: **U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, BOX 44G, 19 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Can't Get Out



ACCIDENT PROOF

Ask Your Dealer For **FOSTER'S**

This Trade Mark **IDEAL** On all our goods

Cribs, Iron Beds and Springs

Mother retires knowing baby's safe in an Ideal Crib. High sliding sides, closely spaced spindles, woven-wire springs, patented rail fastener (on our cribs only)—guaranteed not to break. Different styles and prices. Enamelled white or colors. Write for free booklet, "A Mother's Invention."

The world's easiest spring bed is Foster's Ideal. Fits your figure in any position you lie upon it. The 9 inch double tier of springs are so stayed that they yield luxurious ease without wobbling or sagging. Upper tier bears the weight of light persons; cross strips of steel distribute the weight of heavy persons throughout the lower tier. (See bottom of ad). The coolest bed for summer—the easiest bed always.

Write today for free booklet: "Wide Awake Facts About Sleep"

FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO.

Makers of "Ideal" and "Four Hundred" Spring Beds and Ideal line of Iron Beds, Divans, Mattresses, Etc.

99 Broad Street, 1401 N. 16th St., Utica, N.Y., St. Louis, Mo.

INDIAN Silver Pin, 50c.

The Swastika Cross is the Good Fortune symbol of the Navajo Tribe. This pin is hand wrought from pure silver engraved by Navajo workmen and set with a genuine turquoise. Very odd and pretty. We send this stick pin prepaid 50c. to introduce our big assortment of Mexican drawnwork, Navajo blankets and other goods of native make. Other mountings in this design of pure silverware. Rings with turquoise in cross 60c. without 50c.; state size. 3-inch teaspoon, Swastika Cross handle, \$1.25. Catalogue alone, 4c.

The Francis E. Lester Co., Dept. 565, Mesilla Park, N. M.

BARGAINS in SHOT GUNS RIFLES REVOLVERS

Send three cents in stamps for our 48 page illustrated Catalog and Large Bargain List. Don't buy until you have seen our Bargain List.

CHAS. J. GODFREY CO., 4 Warren St., NEW YORK

Japanese Postal Cards

Just Imported. The prettiest postal cards made in the world. Twenty beautiful colored photographs of Japanese people and scenery—"The Tea House," "Welcoming a Stranger," "Geisha Girls in a Tea House Garden," "New Year's Games," "Native Sail Boat and Boat-men," and 15 others. Dainty, exquisite hand-colored cards. Set of 50 selected from over 1,000 negatives taken by our artists in all parts of Japan. Send 10c for sample or \$1.50 for complete set. Japanese Art & Floral Co. of Yokohama, Branch Office, 207 Madison Bldg., Chicago.

A Money Maker

Hollow Concrete Building Blocks. Best, Fastest, Simplest, Cheapest MACHINE. Fully guaranteed. Sent on trial.

THE PETTYJOHN CO.

646 N. 6th Street, Terre Haute, Ind.

PATENTS that PROTECT

72-p. Book Mailed Free. Established 1869.

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Plumbing Schools

Men and boys wanted to learn plumbing trade; great demand for graduates \$4-\$5 day; many complete courses in two months; graduates admitted to Union and Master Plumbers' Association. COYNE BROS. CO. PLUMBING SCHOOLS, New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis. (Day and Night class.)

For free catalogue address 229 10th Avenue, New York.

STARK FRUIT BOOK

shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our terms of distribution. We want more salesmen.—Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo.

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P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers. New York, 416-424 W. 13th St.; London, 10 Norfolk St., Strand, W. C., and The International News Co., 5 Breams Bldg., Chancery Lane, E. C. 4, Toronto, Yonge Street Arcade. Copyright 1905 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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One Thousand Dollars for a Short Story

COLLIER'S offers one thousand dollars for the best short story received between September 1 and December 1. This premium will be awarded in addition to the price paid for the story, and all accepted stories will be paid for at the uniform rate of five cents a word, except in the case of authors who have an established and higher rate. These authors will receive their regular rate. A booklet giving full particulars of the contest will be mailed upon request. Address Fiction Department, COLLIER'S, 416 West Thirtieth Street, New York.

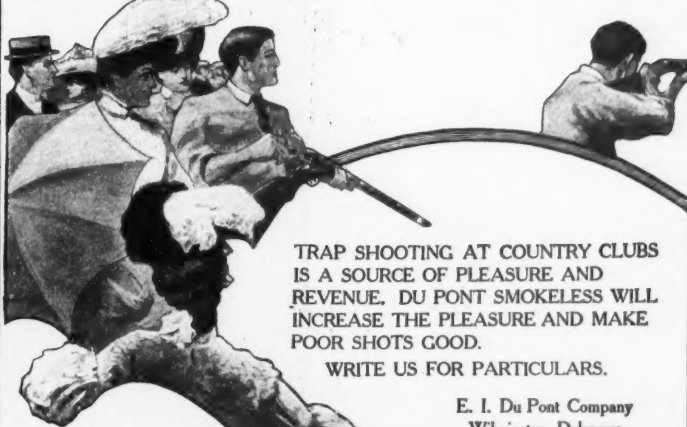
One Hundred Dollars for a Photograph

In order to secure for COLLIER'S the best news photographs, a monthly prize of one hundred dollars will be awarded, in addition to the purchase price of the photograph itself, for the best news picture published during the month. This offer is open to amateurs as well as to professionals. All photographs must bear on the reverse side the name and address of the sender and a full description of the subject pictured. All pictures must be sent flat—not rolled—addressed to the Art Editor, COLLIER'S, 416 West Thirtieth Street, New York.

TRAP SHOOTING AT COUNTRY CLUBS IS A SOURCE OF PLEASURE AND REVENUE. DU PONT SMOKELESS WILL INCREASE THE PLEASURE AND MAKE POOR SHOTS GOOD.

WRITE US FOR PARTICULARS.

E. I. Du Pont Company
Wilmington, Delaware



Corliss Coon Collars

The New Wing

Nippon is a new Fall collar with decidedly good style. Note the slight droop of the wing following the lines now so popular in turn-down collars, such as Varsity and Outing.

Ask your furnisher for the Corliss Coon Nippon. If he does not happen to have this new collar he can get it for you from us. If you are not willingly supplied we will promptly fill your order direct from our factory on receipt of the price, 2 for 25c. Quarter sizes.

These collars are 4 ply, but Corliss Coon wings will take the laundry fold more times than most collars. They do not break so quickly at the "fatal spot" the finger points to, because one interlining is removed from the entire wing, and both from the point where the illustration is shaded. Then, too, the original style is preserved through many launderings, because the wings fold naturally at the right place. Write for "Collar Facts," the new book of styles and correct dress.

CORLISS, COON & CO., 4 L. STREET, TROY, N. Y.



A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

The **Dolceola**



The Dolceola is played like a piano and is equivalent in tone to two guitars and two mandolins played together. It is extremely simple and any novice, after a week's practice, can play any tune that he can whistle or sing. This simplicity makes the Dolceola particularly attractive for children's use as a stepping stone to the piano. Can you afford to let your child run an expensive piano when they can learn music much easier on the Dolceola? The Dolceola, like a guitar or mandolin, can easily be carried from place to place. Size 18 x 24 inches. Weight in carrying case 25 lbs. Price, complete from your dealer or from us, charges prepaid, if your dealer does not handle, \$25.00. Finished musicians and music lovers endorse the Dolceola and you should write for our handsomely illustrated book, which explains in detail all points of advantage of this wonderful new musical instrument. Send us your name and we will tell you where you can hear it played.

THE TOLEDO SYMPHONY CO.
TOLEDO OHIO

MENNER'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all other skin troubles. Removes all odor of perspiration. De-lightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNER COMPANY, Newark, N.J.



MOVING PICTURE MACHINES

Stereopticons You can make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfit and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. The Field is large, comprising the regular dealer and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue and special offer fully explains everything. Send Free. CHICAGO - ROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn Street, Dept. 4, CHICAGO, ILL.



SEASHORE BUILDING LOTS

At SOMERS POINT, N. J. Finest resort on New Jersey Coast. Best opportunity for safe investment. Values rising rapidly—likely to double by next summer. Close to Atlantic City. Has train, trolley and steamboat connection. Ocean, bay and two rivers afford splendid deep sea or river fishing. Crabbing, Sailing. Lots right in the heart of the city, \$50 to \$300, payable

\$5 Down and \$5 Monthly

Desirable, healthy location for all-year or summer residence. Write for map and booklet. DOBBS & FRAZIER CO., 665 Bailey Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

STAMPS—55 diff. rare Corea, Japan, Korea, China, Columbia, etc., only 10c. Agents wanted. 50 to 75 per cent commission. New 50-p. list and \$1.00 worth Coupons FREE! We buy stamps.

STANDARD STAMP CO., Dept. A, St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS

No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for Inventor's Guide.

FRANKLIN H. HUGH, Atlantic Bldg., Washington, D. C.

DRAW for MONEY

ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS EARN \$25 to \$100 a week. Send for free booklet, "Commercial Illustrating"; tells how we teach illustrating by mail, successfully. The National Press Association, 54 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

MUSIC LESSONS Send for our FREE booklet, it is

It tells how to learn to play any instrument. Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, etc. Write American School of Music, 301 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

The Question Is

Will You? Not Can You!

Every man can, if he will, increase his knowledge, and there by his salary, by improving his spare time. Your pay depends on your knowledge; therefore you control your own salary. If you are getting small pay it is because you are doing a grade of work that hundreds of others can do equally well. Our instruction will fit you for a higher grade in your present line, or in an entirely different line. Big firms are eagerly searching for engineers capable of directing their vast enterprises, to whom they can pay salaries as great as \$10,000 a year. The Engineer is not the man in overalls with the oil-can and waste in his hand. He is the man who designs the engine which the other man runs. He is the master mind who conceives, plans and directs the work of hundreds of other men.

ENGINEERING

TAUGHT BY MAIL

If you cannot go to a technical school it can be brought to your door by the postman. Our students study under the direction of the same teachers who have charge of the laboratories and classes of Armour Institute of Technology, thus bringing for the first time to engineering correspondence students the standards and thoroughness of resident school instruction. Students desiring to continue their studies and take a degree in residence will be given proper credit by Armour Institute of Technology. Tuition fees are moderate—from \$10 up—and may be paid in small monthly payments.

COUPON—CUT OUT AND MAIL TO-DAY

Please send me 200-page handbook. I am interested in the Course marked "X."

...Mechanical Drawing	...Municipal Engineering
...Electrical Engineering	...Railroad Engineering
...Central Station Work	...Surveying
...Electric Lighting	...Hydraulics
...Electric Railways	...Structural Drafting
...Telephone Practice	...Complete Architecture
...Mechanical Engineering	...Architectural Engineering
...Telegraphy	...Contractors' and Builders' Course
...Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting	...Cotton Course
...Machine Shop Practice	...Woolen and Worsted Goods Course
...Heating, Ventilation, and Plumbing	...Knit Goods Course
...Stationary Engineering	...College Preparatory Course (fitting for entrance to engineering schools)
...Marine Engineering	
...Locomotive Engineering	
...Structural Engineering	

Name Age

Address

Occupation

Collier's, Sept. 23, '05

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE

Armour Institute of Technology
CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

YOU ARE NO DIFFERENT from the thousands of others who have succeeded by this means, and you can, if you will. It costs you nothing to inquire; neither will it bring an agent to annoy you for all time to come. We employ no agents. All money paid by the student is used in instructing the student.

1780

THE LEADER
FOR 125 YEARS

1905

WALTER BAKER & CO.'S Chocolate and Cocoa

It is a perfect food, highly nourishing, easily digested, fitted to repair wasted strength, preserve health and prolong life.



Registered U. S. Pat. Office

M. BRILLAT-SAVARIN says: "Those who make constant use of chocolate are the ones who enjoy the most steady health, and are the least subject to a multitude of little ailments which destroy the comfort of life."

A new and handsomely illustrated Recipe Book sent free.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

DORCHESTER, MASS.

45 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

Talks On Advertising

Space Buying.



HERE is a Cabinet of Data which cost over \$100,000 to secure.

This data is in manuscript, and no duplicate of it exists.

It embodies an accurate "Record of Results" obtained from over 200 kinds of copy, used competitively for 86 different mail order accounts.

A ten-day perusal of this data, with the "Copy" it indexes to, would be worth a small fortune to certain large Advertisers who now spend heavy appropriations for "General Publicity."

But, this Cabinet of Data is an asset as valuable almost as the firm name of Lord & Thomas.

Moreover, it stands for just what that firm-name stands for, viz.: Accumulated Experience in Advertising.

It is to us, and indirectly to our 527 Clients, what the Compass is to the Mariner at Sea.

It is, we believe, the only complete summary of Advertising Results extant.—a Reference Work beyond all price in framing up Advertising Copy, and in choosing the medium that are thus proven to best fit certain classes of Advertised Propositions.

The "Record of Results" has been compiled from Tests made largely in the manner indicated in the second and third chapters of our "Book of Advertising Tests" recently published.

Without what that "Record of Results" stands for, viz.: Practical Recorded Experience, all Advertising must be mere guesswork, Opinion, and a species of Gambling to the Advertiser.

No Individual Advertiser, recording ever so carefully the Records from a single advertised

proposition, could arrive at a title of the accuracy this compilation of Records from 86 different Accounts affords.

And no other Advertising Agency in America possesses such an accurate index to Copy Values and to selection of mediums.

The precise knowledge this \$100,000 Cabinet affords is what compels us to pay \$72,000 yearly for a staff of Copy-writers who are capable of producing "Salesmanship-on-Paper" up to the standard this File of Records proves necessary.

This precise knowledge derived from the "Record of Results" is also what enables us to choose intelligently between the Publications and Mediums that claim your patronage because other large Advertisers patronize them, and the Mediums that actually produce the most Results, for you, per dollar invested.

We do not judge mediums by what their publishers claim in circulation or prestige for them, but by what the recorded evidence in our "Record of Results" clearly proves they can perform for the cost of their space.

And, without such a sure means of selecting the most profitable mediums, for each kind of Advertised proposition we could not dare propose the Tests on Advertising Service against all competitors, which we voluntarily define in our "Book of Advertising Tests" on pages 17 and 23.

This voluntary definition of a Selling Test, on Results from Advertising, is the strongest proof of Good-faith, and Ability, in the purchasing of Space that any Advertising Agency could offer.

That no other Advertising Agency has ever volunteered such a test for Results, should impress Advertisers as an eloquent fact well worth quoting, when the subject of Space-purchasing is under discussion.

Without costing you a cent, Mr. Advertiser, you may share in all the advantages this "Record of Results" affords in Space-purchasing, Campaign planning and Copy Writing, provided you place your advertising through Lord & Thomas for a trial term.

Say when you will discuss this "Record of Results" with us and be shown a sample sheet from its files.

Our \$5.00 "Book of Advertising Tests" will be sent free, on request, to any General Advertiser, Mail Order Advertiser, or Wholesale Salesman, who requests it in time.

The Edition is nearly exhausted already—so write for a copy today if you want it.

LORD & THOMAS

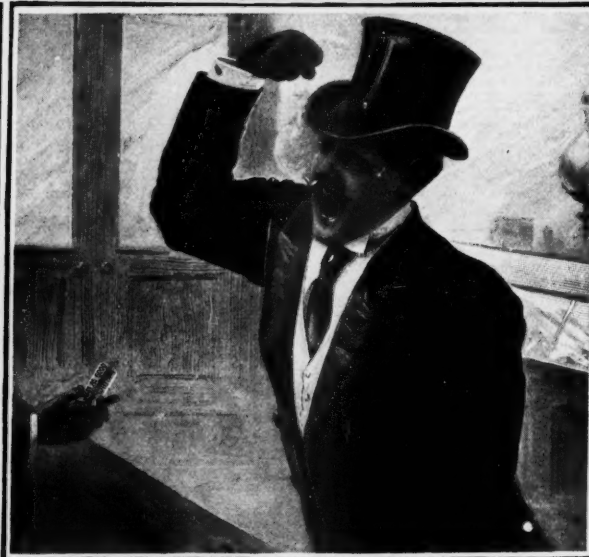
Largest Advertising Agency in America

CHICAGO

Established 1873

NEW YORK

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK



Righteous Indignation

has scriptural sanction. If your dealer tries to make an extra profit on other shaving soaps at the expense of your face, it is proper to say, with a little Old Testament harshness,

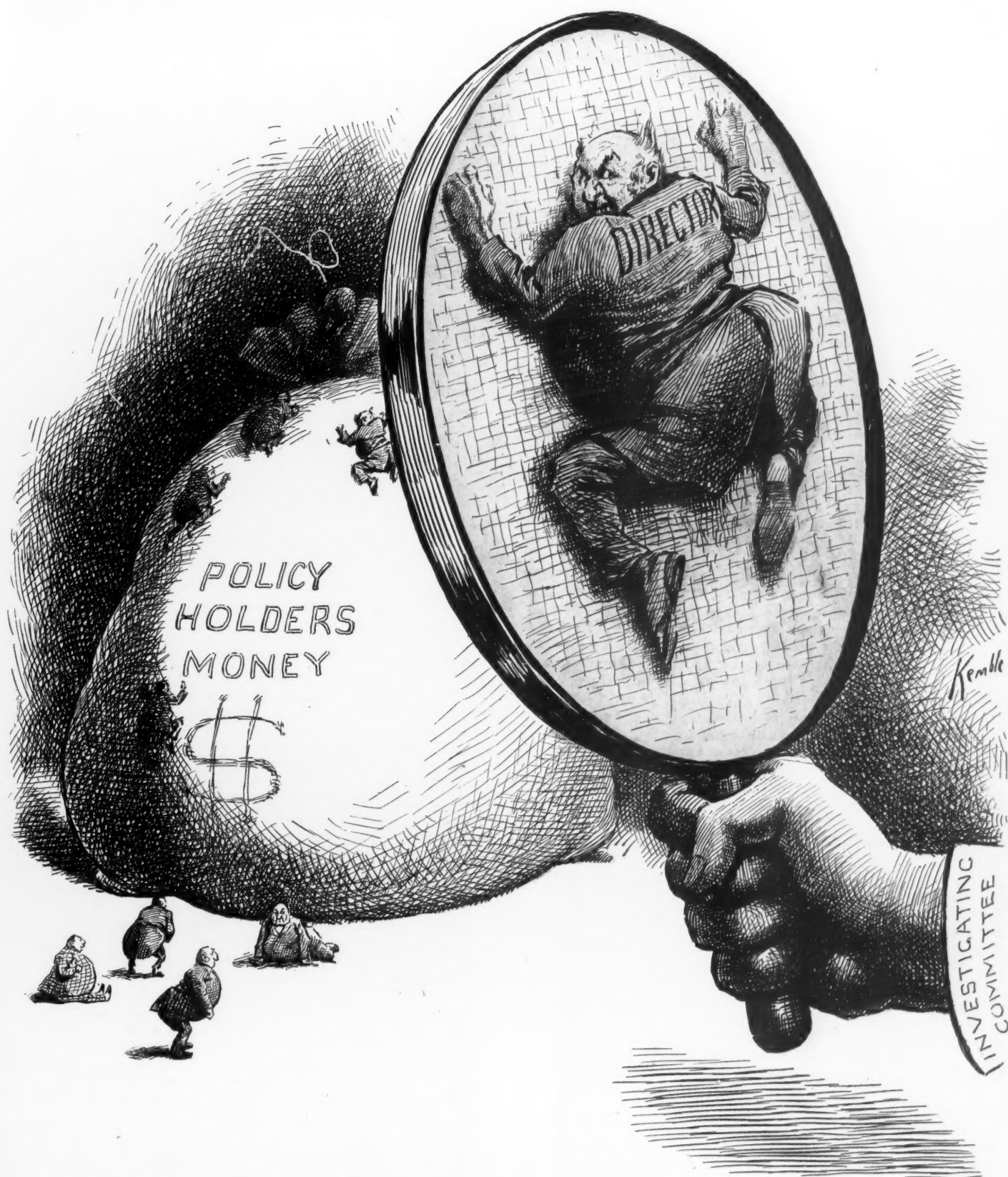
"I want Williams'!"



Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters, Talcum Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Williams' Tar Soap, etc., sold everywhere
Williams' Shaving Stick (Trial Size) Sent for 4c. in Stamps
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
Write for "The Shaver's Guide and Correct Dress"

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MODERN LIFE INSURANCE

A REPORT SCIENTIFIC: "UPON EXAMINATION WE FIND THE DEPOSIT SERIOUSLY INTERFERED WITH BY A CROOKED MICROBE THAT GORGES AND FATTENS UPON THE CONTENTS"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



GAINS IN THE MORALITY of public life, and in the standards which the general sentiments enforce, are the most agreeable incidents which it falls to a journal to record. So much failure in the integrity of office is necessarily forced upon our notice, that the opportunity to chronicle the brighter side is doubly valued. The Loomis case has ended in a signal victory for the people. It was a leading case, and in some respects an insidious and rather gross one. Corrupt politics everywhere in America are dependent in large part upon a certain brand of good-humored tolerance, by which an official whose bearing is popular is allowed much latitude in the workings of his conscience. Mr. BOWEN's instinct for demeanor was not distinguished, and it looked for a time as if his unpopularity in administrative circles, and Mr. LOOMIS's popularity there, would result in the flagrant condonation of the kind of fault in office which at present most

PROGRESS needs extirpation, namely, the improper relation of money-making to public trust. Whether Mr. ROOR or newspaper clamor was the immediate cause, a change came over the spirit of Mr. ROOSEVELT's dreams, and, decently protected by stories about ill-health and future plans, Mr. LOOMIS was effectively removed from a position to which he has been no honor. From his successor there seems reason to expect standards which will give satisfaction to that public conscience which now shows such distinct signs of increasing strength. Although attempts to hide the reasons for Mr. LOOMIS's dismissal are to be regretted, the harm done by such attempts in this especial case is small, because attention has been focused on the outcome, and the example will be a useful one.

"**THE INVALUABLE ADEE**" is what he is called by some appreciative observers, and we notice one complaint that he was not rewarded with Mr. LOOMIS's place. In his fourteen years as Second Assistant Secretary he has learned so much about the department that it would be a reckless Secretary of State who would remove him. He took his present position after twenty-one years in the diplomatic service, beginning as secretary of legation at Madrid. Why he is never made first assistant secretary we do

MR. ADEE not know. Perhaps there is less temptation to removal in his present place, and perhaps its duties are those to which he is best fitted. The lime-light never falls to him, but he has at least the satisfaction of knowing that the usefulness of his life is beyond all question. Such quiet service is an agreeable thing to contemplate, and perhaps its rewards are not inferior actually to those which combine more show with less cause. Mr. HAY thought highly of Mr. ADEE. What he thought of Mr. LOOMIS is not on record, but it is well enough understood that the State Department during Mr. HAY's last months was run less and less according to his desires.

THE SPIRIT OF IMPROVEMENT in service exacted of our office-holders is something different from the old partisan cry of "Turn the rascals out," although related to it. The spirit began as a reaction from the shameless corruption that became entrenched under the honest and uncomprehending eyes of GRANT, and found little to disturb it until GROVER CLEVELAND's day. He is the first politician since the war around whose name gathered the conception of civic honor. Mr. ROOSEVELT, a reformer from his youth, has done much to give momentum to the movement, and he will doubtless do more in the many years of vigorous existence that probably lie before him. Those speeches which are sometimes smiled at for the emphasis they give to the decalogue have had a wide and perhaps a deep effect on the vogue which morality is enjoying. Men like FOLK are the second generation of this movement, which includes

THE ORIGIN OF REFORM

commerce as well as politics, the Equitable as well as boodling in Washington or St. Louis, pure food legislation as well as bribery or postal prosecutions. The outbreak of exposure literature in the magazines is a symptom also, an effect which becomes in turn a cause. Much has been done, and much remains to do. All such movements are vague alike in their beginnings and their ends, but perhaps the fairest time to name as the beginning of the present wave is the date when GROVER CLEVELAND defeated his enormously popular opponent because that magnetic Republican was suspected of being not wholly free from the money taint in politics.

MAKE A LOUD NOISE, for HENRY WATTERSON is back. Make a joyful noise, for the "Courier-Journal," prodigal and bountiful as Nature, is pouring thought and fancy from the cornucopia of its editorial hemispheres. Selah. It did not take the Colonel long, after his return from observing mankind's foibles under the thin disguise of foreign custom, to execute a fall on COLLIER'S. The article on "Christian Citizenship" presented itself to the Colonel as an opening. Dealing as it did with a part of ultimate morality, it offered the most favorable background for a display of confused if pyrotechnic cerebration. The author had said that if every professing Christian did his duty, bad men could not hold office. Thereupon Brother HENRY *ad lib.* upon Cross-Roads, Highwaymen, Sirens, Free Trade, Protection, Prohibition, and Incidentals. "All you have got to do," quotes the brilliant editor, "is to keep straight ahead, and, ef you ain't lost on the way, you'll git there." Is it our fault if Colonel WATTERSON is lost in the treatise **CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP** which we printed? The class in logic will now take

the floor. Colonel WATTERSON will please study page one attentively until he can demonstrate that propositions may be contrary without being contradictory. Our essayist said that if all professing Christians voted to the best of their ability according to their faith bad men would not hold power. Colonel WATTERSON says this would not solve the tariff issue. No, nor the nebular hypothesis, *pons asinorum*, or the relation of bacteria to insanity. "Christian Citizenship" was a practical appeal. It did not set out to solve all difficulties, as a quack nostrum cures every ill. It pointed out one simple, important, and undoubted fact. Good men do not always agree. Granted, Colonel. But study page one again. It may still be true that if all professing Christians voted according to their moral code bad men could not control great city, State and national governments. Study page one successfully, even if it keeps you after school.

JAPAN'S EXPERIENCE IN RIOTS or insurrections has been varied, although there has been little disturbance since the actual rule of the present Emperor began. The trouble in Tokio and Kobe and elsewhere about the treaty has been made largely by the ignorant classes who did not know precisely what they were rioting about. The irresponsible city crowds are always the most excitable in any country. The leaders of Japan were able not only to understand conditions, but to act upon their knowledge, while the city crowds would naturally have nothing but a romantic notion that they had won everything. They could not understand the limits set by nature to Japanese possibilities. Perhaps a certain amount of harm was done by the misleading accounts of Mr. ROOSEVELT's part in bringing about the peace. Reading the papers for their face value, one might think he had just "buted in," and forced a peace, but of course the fact is that, backed by her English alliance, Japan could not be bullied, as she was after whipping China, and she accepted only what her wisest statesmen thought it best for her to accept. No government could show apparent magnanimity to a beaten enemy without arousing some clamor from the populace.

HOW MUCH RIOTS MEAN

WAR IS NEVER OBSOLETE. Peace reigns in all large countries now, but England says, accepting Lord KITCHENER's words: "We have every indication that our northern neighbor is pushing forward her preparations for a contest in which we shall have to fight for our existence." KIPLING, Britain's spokesman, has constantly proclaimed that theory, and poor AUSTIN pipes it in his feeble lay. Even the Liberals, if they are returned to power, will hardly refuse to proceed along the lines indicated by KITCHENER, Lord ROBERTS, and the Conservative and independent press. Had they been in power, the Liberals would have renewed the Japanese alliance, much as they objected when it was made. Russia will still dream of far distant victories in Asia, and Germany watches for the time when arms may help her to what she desires. When the Emperor of Austria dies tact will be required to avoid a conflagration, and the Turk is a menace always. France, most anxious of all countries now for peace, must always face the possibilities of war. Even this country, blessed above all others in its location, can not forget the distant possibility; but volume of preparation for us is unimportant, and easily overdone. A small army, without corruption or favoritism, a navy of whatever size, but equal

WAR



to the Japanese in quality, and coast defences of the best efficiency, are all the support we need to what nature has bestowed—the defence of distance, of resources sufficient to our own support, and of conditions which would enable us almost to starve the world.

PATIENCE NOTHING CAN BE MADE CLEAR to a mass of readers without continued explanation of points already made. One copy of a paper is read and the next not, or an article is incompletely absorbed by a mind three-fourths at rest. Many of the most furious onslaughts received by a newspaper proceed from those whose misunderstanding is complete. This discipline is welcomed by our philosophic soul, for it teaches docility, patience, and a proper humility before the difficulties of existence. A reader, for example, comes at us point-blank and somewhat fiercely for certain patent-medicine distinctions, after we have spent vital energy and space off and on for months in answering questions similar to his. The article in which his interest is most acute seems to be a certain emulsion, of which he alleges that the advertising is "conservative and absolutely true," and wishes to know on what ground we should refuse to print it. Let him send it along, or induce the manufacturers thereof to do so, and if it seems to our vision conservative and absolutely true it will soon adorn our pages. An emulsion might be advertised properly as easily as a food. It need not fall under the head of "medicines," in the sense in which medical advertising is excluded. Such distinctions have been made before, and will doubtless be called for more than once again.

THE AGE FOR WORK AGE LIMITS HAVE BEEN DROPPED by the Chicago and Alton Railroad, which first adopted them, by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy; and this change in the laws for physical employment comes not long after Dr. OSLER set the world agog with his frank observations about creative intellectual periods and the general inferiority of age. Fortunately for the happiness and hope of all, the exception is always present to lessen the horror of the rule; a sort of pardoning power of which every man may believe himself fortunate enough to receive the benefit. No doubt these railroads will continue to employ mainly men below the age which they formerly set, but it is more agreeable, and also more just, to be freed from a rule more absolute than the facts of nature are.

INSURANCE THE PEOPLE'S MEMORY IS SHORT. Easily excited, they frequently drop important matters in the middle. Will insurance be in a just and safe condition when the recent agitation is at an end? The world moves, whether up or down, in the manner of ebb and flood, slowly gaining, or losing slowly, and it may well be doubted whether this far-reaching business will be entirely purified at the present favorable opportunity. The Equitable, in its answer to the Attorney-General's suit, admits essentially all that has been charged. The DEFEW Company has restored the fat slice which it carved away, and the noble Senator's halo is again immaculate. The absurd HYDE and the weak ALEXANDER are out of power, and RYAN and MORTON still control what Mr. CLEVELAND, Mr. WESTINGHOUSE, and Judge O'BRIEN are sometimes imagined to control. As we go to press that \$685,000 maintains a vagueness that leaves us thinking. Were politicians bought? Was HYDE to represent his country in Madrid? Publicity, if fully won, will do at least a little to make conditions better. The task is large. The Equitable is not alone. Its two great rivals require the same investigation. The Equitable's answer endeavors to narrow responsibility to directors who had actual knowledge of improper acts, but one of the principles which most need enforcement is that a man who gives or sells his name to business enterprises must perform his duties or take the consequences. Mr. MORTON's view of business needs and obligations is apparently a trifle charitable. We can not see that public confidence has increased with any startling rapidity since his assumption of control. Is a new era about to open, in which directorship shall be more infected with responsibility and honor, or will the present wave of attention spend itself and leave no trace? It is pleasant, in this connection, to record that the late President of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company left but a trifle more than fifty thousand dollars. Among the sayings of

Colonel GREEN were these: "A mutual company ought not to be mulcted for the benefit of the agents." "True mutuality in life insurance does not seek to favor a few at the expense of the many, nor to give to a few what many have lost."

LITERATURE AND PLEASURE LITERATURE IS PAID not according to its merit, but according to the demand which it excites. Even if written to-day, "Paradise Lost" would not make its author rich. Like "Robinson Crusoe," "Jane Eyre," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Vanity Fair," and other classics, contemporary novels are often widely rejected by publishers before they leap to fame. Professor PECK points out that the book in which Sherlock Holmes was given to the world brought Dr. DOYLE altogether seventy dollars. KIPPLING's experience with "Plain Tales from the Hills," and the "David Harum" case, are familiar examples of readers' fallibility. Few successful authors are without somewhat similar tales. The difficulties, however, of getting a hearing to-day are as nothing to what they were before publishers became so thick and the reading public so enormous. Cases where actual talent goes for long unknown would be hard to find to-day. When it is known it receives a larger dole to live on than ever in the past. There are certain occupations, like business and the practical professions, where money is an index to success; there are others, like scholarship and science, in which there is almost no relation; and literature occupies a middle ground, not paid according to its worth, but on the whole maintaining a fairly steady relation between excellence and a decent living.

THEATRES AND THE STATE THEATRES SUBSIDIZED BY CITIES, States, or the nation are hardly likely ever to exist in America. Our ideas of government functions stop short of playhouses. Some theorists object to vaccination, or pure-food laws, as beyond the scope of Government, and at least in England *laissez-faire* partisans have been found to object to education by the State, to all sanitary laws, to good roads legislation, to the regulation of cab fares, to art schools, libraries, museums, to say nothing of the British Government's control of railways, telephones, and messenger service. A theatre, being commonly regarded primarily as a house of entertainment, is deemed far outside the paternal functions of a body politic. The best theatres in the world, such as the Théâtre Français, the Vienna Burgtheater, the Berlin Deutsches Theater, had their foundation under governments which looked upon them as they regarded a library, college, or museum. We can go no further than private subsidy, which has worked so well in music that it has in a few years brought the United States in musical opportunities probably beyond any non-German country. The movement started by Major HIGGINSON in music is yet to be successfully started in the drama. The difficulties are greater, as taste for the drama already exists, and bad taste is harder to uproot than an entirely new taste is to instil.

"NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN anyway," observed the Honorable JOHN L. SULLIVAN when the sheriff closed his fifty-fourth saloon. Mr. SULLIVAN threw too much emphasis on what was only one among the causes of his declining popularity. The disappearance of comely outlines in his body weighed less with the fickle public than the loss of his ability to plant his fist upon a fellow-being's jaw with such momentum that the aforesaid man and brother would instantaneously cease to feel or think. Mere fat, however, has doubtless had its own appointed place in the decadence of JOHN. Every woman would rather be fair than fat or forty, in spite of the famous state- AVOIRDUPOIS ment of the Maiden Queen. But we would say a word for the really fat—not those who have the external appearance of much flesh, from some unworthy cause, such as too much feasting, but for those whose souls are fat with cheerfulness and humor, like the soul of FALSTAFF. Even a poet might, in this nobler sense, properly be fat; and it was thus CÆSAR thought when he distrusted the lean and hungry CASSIUS. CÆSAR himself grew fat in Egypt, but it was from CLEOPATRA's cookery, not from deep and soothing peace. "Laugh and be fat" remains one of the rocks impregnable of human thought. "The liberal soul," saith the Hebrew proverb, "shall be made fat." Nature intended our cheeks to be convex.

THE RENOVATED MR. ROCKEFELLER

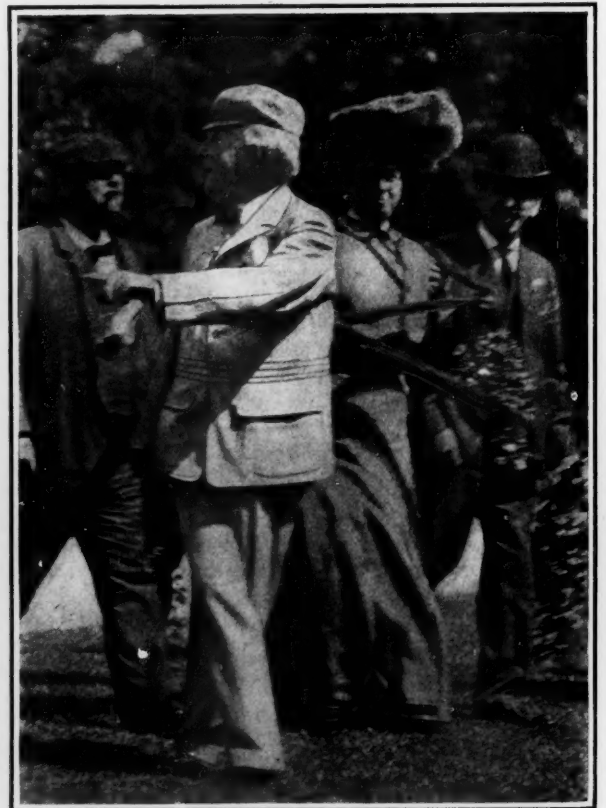
The cartoonists who had been entertaining themselves with caricatures of Mr. John D. Rockefeller's polished head were baffled on September 6, when Mr. Rockefeller entertained a delegation of newspaper humorists at his summer home near Cleveland and appeared before them under a luxuriant top-dressing of hair. The wig seemed to transform him, both in appearance and disposition, and he jovially enrolled himself in the ranks of American humorists



MR. ROCKEFELLER RECEIVING THE AMERICAN PRESS HUMORISTS AT FOREST HILL



FOREST HILL, MR. ROCKEFELLER'S COUNTRY HOME, NEAR CLEVELAND

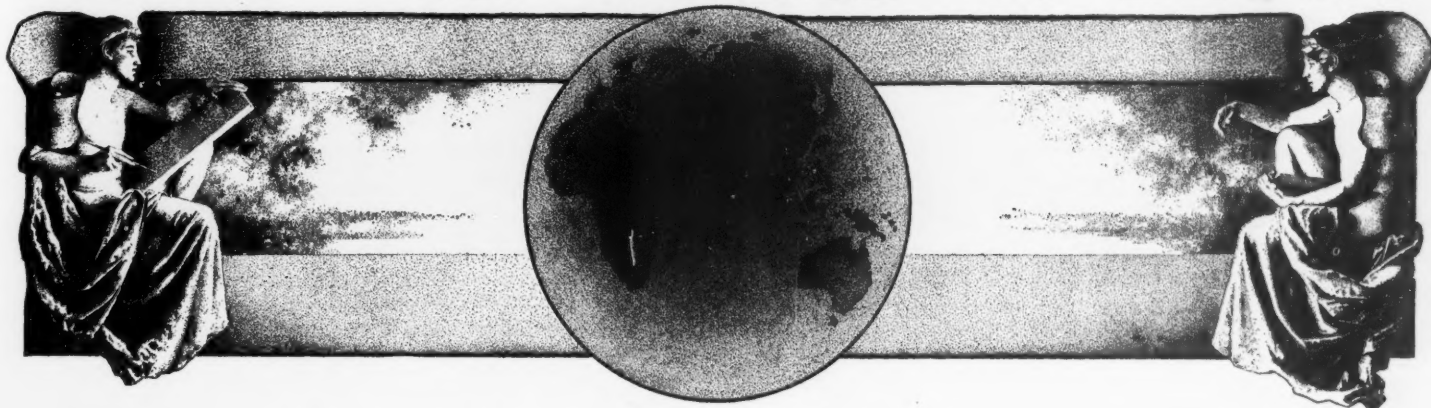


A GOOD VIEW OF THE FAMOUS REJUVENATING WIG

COPYRIGHT 1905 BY L. VAN REYER

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WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



IN TROUBLED WATERS

THE ROOSEVELT peace has suddenly reversed the relations of America with the late combatants. Russian hostility has given way to cordial appreciation, and the officers and men of Linevitch's army have been enthusiastically drinking the President's health. A still more substantial proof of restored friendship has been furnished by a message from the Czar, conveyed by M. de Witte as a parting gift, announcing that Russia has abolished the extra duties on American machinery, agricultural implements, etc., imposed in retaliation for our taxation of Russian bounty-helped sugar. On the other hand, Japanese sentiment has largely turned against us, holding us responsible for a national humiliation. The admirable self-restraint of the Japanese people, which had been proof against all the seductions of victory, gave way when the nation believed for a time that its sacrifices of blood and treasure had been wasted, and that incompetent statesmanship, under the pressure of false friends, had consented to a peace not only without profit but without honor. Mobs at Tokio destroyed police stations, Christian churches, and a mission school, burned part of the official residence of the Minister of Home Affairs, stoned the Marquis Ito, and attacked E. H. Harriman and his party. Before order was restored hundreds of people were killed and wounded. To crown her troubles, Japan has been thrown into mourning by the loss on September 11 of Admiral Togo's victorious flagship, the *Mikasa*, with 599 lives. Meanwhile Russia has suffered a ter-

The disappointment of the Japanese populace over the peace has relieved itself in rioting. Russia's foreign war in Manchuria has been replaced by civil war in the Caucasus. The Legislative Investigating Committee in New York has pushed the insurance probe far beyond the sins of the Equitable. Fifty thousand fraudulent names have been stricken off the voters' register in Philadelphia

rific disaster in the temporary ruin of the oil industry of Baku, in an outburst of savage anarchy. Not only was the whole Russian Empire dependent upon Baku oil for lighting, but the entire transportation system and much of the manufactures

of southern Russia had been based on its use for fuel. The destruction of the oil industry was the most paralyzing blow the industrial organization of Russia could have suffered.

AN OVERDUE CALAMITY

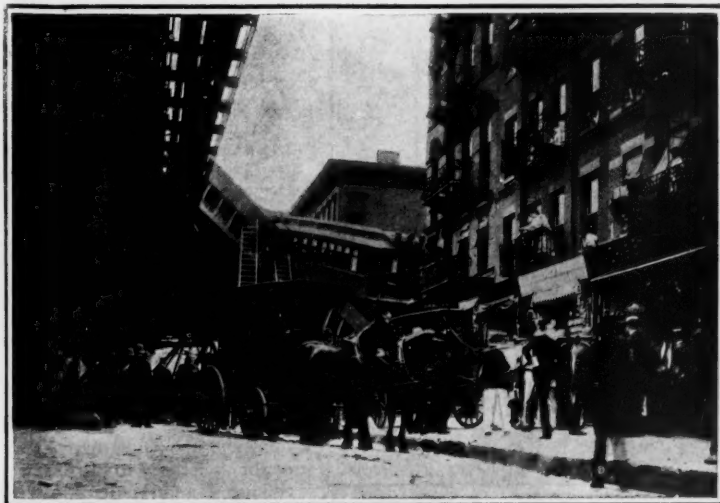
THE ACCIDENT THAT a whole generation of New Yorkers had been expecting came on September 11, when a misplaced switch at Fifty-third Street and Ninth Avenue threw a car from the elevated railroad to the ground, killed twelve people and wounded forty—some of them mortally. The wreck happened on an antiquated flat curve which could not be rounded with safety except at a low speed. The company had taken the chance that neither motormen nor switchmen would ever make a mistake. This policy worked for thirty years and then broke down.

LIFTING THE LID

THE EQUITABLE is no longer the solitary lightning rod, drawing all the fires of criticism that play over the insurance world. The investigating committee of the New York Legislature, which began its sessions on September 6, promptly spread its inquiries over half a dozen companies, and made it evident that there would be plenty of material for its purposes if not an Equitable official were to be called. The first fact brought out was that in none of the so-called "mutual" companies did the policy-holders exercise any real control. At the last election in the Mutual Life votes were cast by 199 out of nearly half a million qualified policy-holders. The officers held about



The Last of the Wrecked Car



The Wrecked Car in the Street



The Broken Train on the Curve

THE ELEVATED RAILROAD DISASTER IN NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 11, IN WHICH TWELVE PERSONS WERE KILLED AND FORTY INJURED



SOMETHING NEW IN STRIKES—TRYING TO TIE UP UNCLE SAM'S MAIL WAGONS IN NEW YORK

The drivers of the New York mail wagons, who are not employed directly by the Government, but by a firm of contractors, went out on strike on September 6 for a reduction in the working day from twelve to eleven hours. The wagons continued to run as usual, but the Government insisted on police protection, although there was no violence.

twenty thousand proxies in reserve to be used in case of revolt, but they were never needed. Most of the voters were employees of the company. In the New York Life, with about 800,000 qualified policy-holders, 28 votes were cast at the last election by policy-holders (employees of the company) in person and a bunch of 2,300 proxies was dropped in just because it happened to be handy. It appeared that there was no certainty that any particular proxy represented a policy actually in force. It was just assumed that a certain proportion of policies would expire, and a similar proportion of proxies was cut out.

RECIPES FOR SEPULCHRAL WHITEWASH

THE SYNDICATE TRANSACTIONS and the relations with subsidiary corporations, which had excited so much criticism against the Equitable, were found to be equally prevalent among the other companies. The value of handsomely printed official statements was neatly illustrated by the exposure of the New York Life's stock transactions. That company publicly emphasizes the fact that it owns no stocks. It had to adopt this policy to satisfy the requirements of the Prussian Government. But now it appears that large blocks of stock were simply transferred to the New York Security and Trust Company in the form of collateral for nominal loans, and that some of these loans were made on notes signed by clerks and \$50-a-month messengers. The acceptance of notes for millions signed by messengers was declared to be a very common thing among financial institutions. Incidentally the committee was favored with some valuable sidelights on the etiquette of syndicate transactions. Mr. Edmund D. Randolph, treasurer of the New York Life, explained that it was customary for promoters to send a polite note inviting the company to participate in a new bond purchase. Then in due time there would be a check for the profits. There was never any means of knowing whether the company got its rightful share. That was always left to the honor of the syndicate manager. Asked if an itemized statement would be furnished if it were demanded, Mr. Randolph replied:

"Yes, but we would probably be left out of all future syndicates by that syndicate manager. Such a demand would not be regarded as good form."

DELAWARE RID OF ADDICKS

ONE OF THE MOST extraordinary episodes in American political history has been brought to an end by the eclipse of J. Edward Addicks in Delaware. At a conference between the lead-

ers of the so-called "Union" or Addicks Republican party and the Regular Republicans on September 7, it was agreed to take immediate steps for the disbandment of the two factional organizations and the creation of a single Republican party with Addicks eliminated. The movement is led by United States Senator Allee, hitherto the leader of the Addicks forces. The gas-man is still combative and persists in the assertion that he will yet be elected Senator from Delaware, but with his own forces turned against him his course is plainly run. For ten years Addicks has kept the Republican party of Delaware divided, with the larger part of it hired for the exclusive purpose of sending him to the Senate. In that time he has deprived the State of half of its Senatorial representation for six years, and of all of it for two. The Republicans had just succeeded in wresting Delaware from the Democrats when the Addicks incubus descended upon them sixteen years ago. Since then the electorate has been so thoroughly debauched that recovery will take a long time even after the disappearance of the original source of the evil.

HOUSECLEANING IN THE PRINTING OFFICE

THE INEXORABLE BROOM of reform, which has worked havoc in so many snug corners at Washington, has reached the Government Printing Office. The crisis that would have had to come sooner or later has been precipitated by a contest between the makers of two rival typesetting machines. Frank W. Palmer, the Public Printer, was a partisan of the Lanston machine, and Oscar J. Ricketts, Foreman of Printing, favored

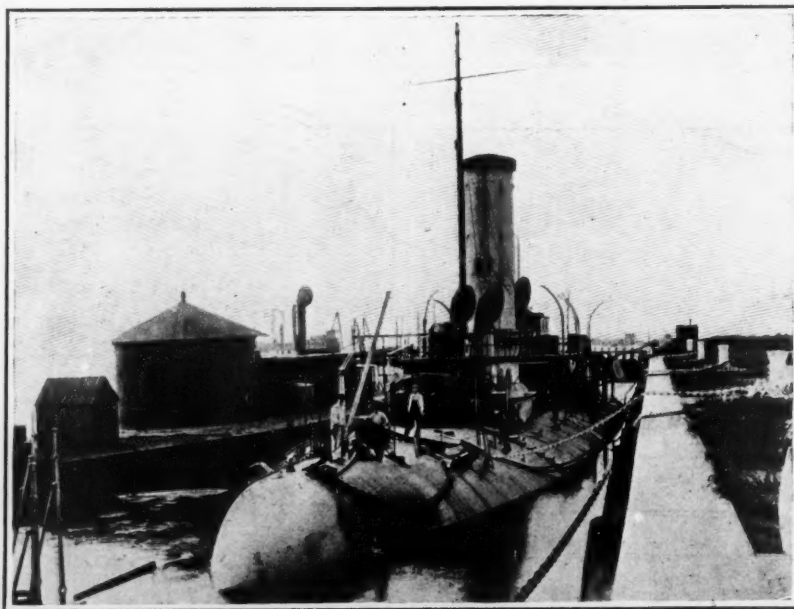
the Mergenthaler. Mr. Palmer made a private contract for the purchase of seventy-two Lanston machines at a cost of \$231,000 and Ricketts protested. The controversy was carried on before the Keep Investigating Commission, and finally Mr. Palmer demanded the resignation of Ricketts and Foreman Hay of the job department, on the ground of insubordination. The resignations were refused, but Palmer persisted in his attempt to force out Ricketts and Hay, in spite of the President's orders, until, on September 8, he was removed himself and Ricketts placed in charge of the office. Mr. Palmer is almost seventy-eight years old, and under his nominal control the greatest printing office in the world has reeked with politics, incompetence, and extravagance. The Government printing in 1904 cost \$7,080,906—an increase of over forty per cent in four years. Our national printing bill now is greater than the cost of running the entire Government—army, navy, Congress, Administration, courts, and all—when Jefferson was President.

THE FATED DITCH AT PANAMA

THERE SEEMS TO BE something about the jungles and swamps of Panama that infects everything that approaches them with scandal. They killed the reputation of De Lesseps, and they have smirched our own Government's proceedings at every step. The latest unpleasantness concerns the award of the concession for boarding the employees of the canal for the next five years—a business estimated to amount to \$50,000,000. The contract was awarded to J. E. Markel of Omaha, in competition with Hudgins & Dumas and H. Balfe & Co. The unsuccessful bidders have protested against the award, and Hudgins & Dumas assert that there was a leak in the office of Chairman Shonts of the Isthmian Commission, by which one entire section of their bid, comprising sample menus for a week, was transferred bodily to the tender of their successful rival. They also complain of undue haste in awarding the contract. Mr. Shonts explains that all the sample menus were open to all the bidders. He holds further that haste was necessary, and that as the matter was under the Panama Railroad the Canal Commission's formalities were not required.

A MILLION LOST DOLLARS

THE MINUTE SUM of \$2,000 is needed to keep the ram *Katahdin* in good condition, and the Government is in doubt whether to throw two thousand good dollars after a million bad ones or to let the craft fall to pieces. The *Katahdin*



DOES ANYBODY WANT THIS WARSHIP?

The ram "Katahdin," which cost a million, and is believed to be not worth a coat of paint

dates from that period in the history of the new navy when we were aimlessly groping after short cuts to maritime power. We wanted a formidable fleet without paying its price. So we tried various schemes for getting naval strength cheap. The *Vesuvius* was one of them—a contrivance for coughing up dynamite shells by hot air. She cost \$350,000, and we were so well pleased with ourselves when we built her that we appropriated \$450,000 more for an improved mate, but thought better of it and never spent the money. About the same time we made an appropriation for a "submerging monitor," designed by or for a member of Congress who had influence with our naval committees, but that money, too, stayed in the treasury. Admiral Ammen was more successful as an inventor of freaks. He not only secured an appropriation for his ram, the *Katahdin*, but got the thing actually built, and it is solemnly carried on the navy list to this day. The *Katahdin* is a turtle-backed, pointed contrivance, built with girders running lengthwise to resist the shock of collision. She carries no battery except four six-pounder rapid-fire guns, and is supposed to be in herself a floating missile. As her best speed is a trifle over sixteen knots, while the ships she would be expected to ram can make from eighteen to twenty-three, the only way she could accomplish her purpose would be to hide behind a tree and jump out when the enemy was looking the other way. The *Vesuvius* has been turned into a serviceable torpedo training ship, but the *Katahdin* is so utterly useless for any purpose whatever, naval or commercial, that the authorities grudge the cost of the paint it takes to keep her from rusting away.

ABOLISHING THE COTTON MARKET

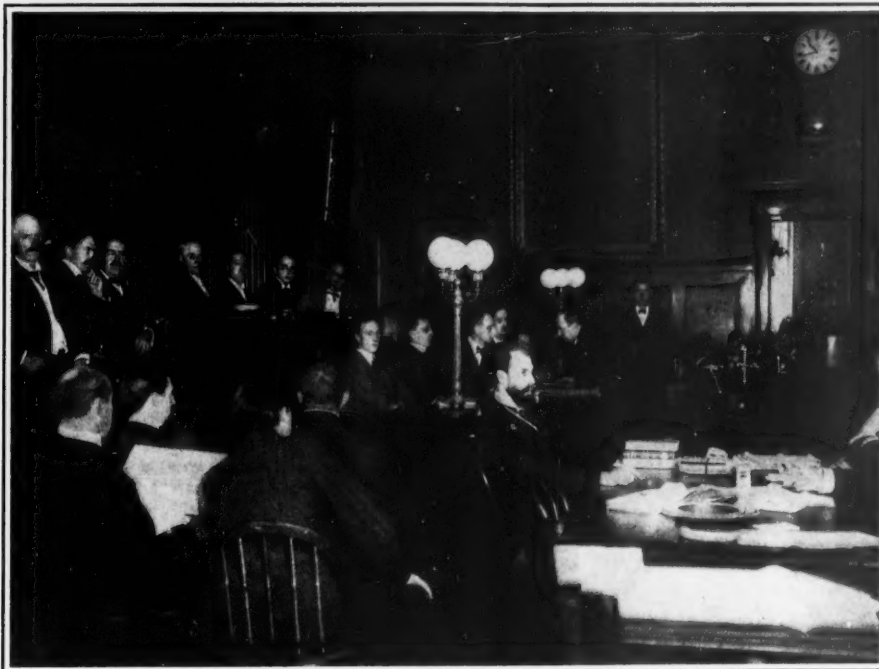
THE SOUTHERN COTTON ASSOCIATION has undertaken a novel experiment, whose results may establish new principles in economics. In its convention at Asheville, North Carolina, on September 7, it resolved to fix a minimum price of eleven cents a pound for the new crop, which it estimates at 9,588,133 bales, or nearly five million bales less than last year's output. Heretofore the price of cotton, like that of other farm products, has been fixed by the free play of the market. If the Southern Cotton Association can have its way, the rate will be regulated hereafter, at least as to its lower limit, by majority vote. The prices of sugar, oil, and steel rails are fixed by edict, and the cotton growers may be able to accomplish the same thing. If they succeed they will be essentially a trust. Their success would naturally lead to the formation of similar trusts among the wheat growers, the corn raisers, and the haymakers. Labor trusts are already in successful operation. Thus the evils of monopoly may cure themselves through the spread of combination to a point at which everybody is a monopolist.

CURRENTS OF POPULATION

PRELIMINARY RETURNS of the new State census of Massachusetts show a population of 2,998,958—a gain of 193,612, or nearly 7 per cent, in five years. In the same time Iowa has lost about 15,000 people. These figures are significant of a change in our drift of settlement. The steady westward tide that used to keep the centre of population moving constantly toward the setting sun is giving way to a series of currents from country to city all over the continent. Iowa is a rural State, and while it is nearly seven times as large as Massachusetts, with incomparably better land, it has little over two-thirds as many

people, and it is losing inhabitants, while crowded Massachusetts is steadily gaining. Massachusetts, with 360 persons to the square mile, is more densely settled than any country of Continental Europe, except Belgium and Holland, and yet a considerable part of its small area is wilder and more thinly peopled than any portion of Iowa. Its masses are in the cities. Boston seems to be growing

Members of the committee

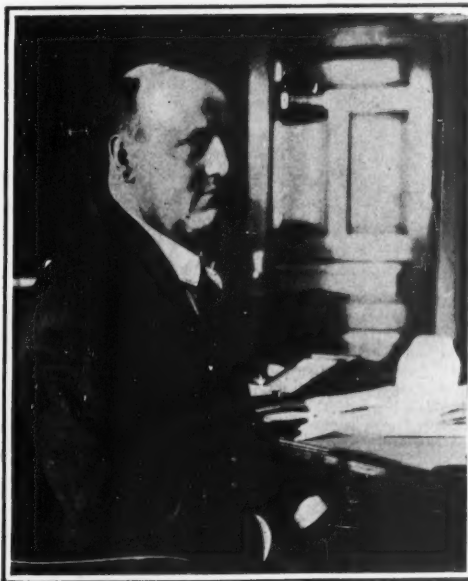


Charles E. Hughes, the committee's counsel

PROBING THE SECRETS OF THE GREAT INSURANCE COMPANIES

The Legislative Investigating Committee, whose session began in New York September 6, with sensational discoveries

slowly, with 593,598 inhabitants now, an increase of 32,706, or less than 6 per cent. But that slackening is only apparent. Boston within the city limits is merely the central core of the metropolis, and in every city the rapid growth is in the suburban rings, while the centre becomes more and more devoted to business and less to residence. Boston's adjoining suburbs, which are as much a part of the



OSCAR J. RICKETTS

Placed in charge of the Government Printing Office by the President, after Public Printer Palmer's attempt to remove him had led to his own dismissal

city as Westminster is of London, have 630,955, giving the whole metropolitan area a population of 1,224,553. Greater Boston has more people than any city in the British Empire except London, or than any city of Continental Europe except Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. It is the fourth city of the United States, and the fact that it ranks no higher is a striking illustration of America's wealth in great centres of population. No other country in the world has four cities of over a million inhabitants each.

REAL ELECTIONS IN PHILADELPHIA

REFORM IN PHILADELPHIA can never be anything more than a spasmodic upheaval until provision is made for honest elections. Until this year the gang has been able to defy public indignation, because it could always drown any popular revolt with fraudulent ballots. But now that the ring's own Mayor has gone over to the reformers this resource has been rudely wrenched away. Hereafter—at least while Mayor Weaver is in charge—the ballots in Philadelphia are to be put into the boxes, one at a time, by citizens who vote in their own names, instead of a hundred in a bunch by the officials. When the assessors met on September 5 and 6 to revise the lists of voters, they had police reports specifying over sixty thousand fraudulent names. About fifty thousand of these were stricken from the rolls, and the courts may force the cancellation of still others. The indications are that for the first time in living memory the next election in Philadelphia will be fairly honest. The result of that will determine whether there are to be any more of the same sort. The gang is not dead, or even sleeping. It still controls the City Councils, where it shows its teeth whenever it

dares. On September 7, Select Council passed, by a three-fourths vote, a resolution demanding immediate information as to the reasons for all the Mayor's removals and appointments since the beginning of the civic revolution, and forbidding the Controller to approve the pay warrants of any of the Mayor's appointees until their nominations are passed upon by the Council. A slight relaxation of public vigilance would let Philadelphia slump back again into the morass of ring rule.

RACE ISSUES IN MARYLAND POLITICS

THE MARYLAND REPUBLICANS, led by Secretary Bonaparte, are making a vigorous fight against Senator Gorman's proposed constitutional amendment disfranchising negro voters, but they repudiate the theory of their opponents that equal political rights involve the social mingling of the races. Their State Convention, which met at Baltimore on September 6, adopted a platform that denounced the disfranchising amendment, but at the same time condemned the idea of negro domination and expressed unalterable opposition to social equality. The Republican party of Maryland is reluctant to lose the thousands of negro votes which constitute one of its most valuable political assets, but still it is largely a white man's party, and its white members share the general Southern feeling about race associations outside of politics.

NEW PENSION RECORDS

THE LAST ANNUAL REPORT of the Commissioner of Pensions showed that the high-water mark of the pension roll was reached on July 31, 1902, when it included 1,001,494 names. After that the number gradually shrank. But in the last year it went up again, for the returns just published for 1905 show that on the 21st of January of this year there were 1,004,196 names on the roll—the greatest number in our history. Since then there has been another slight decline. Each year it is predicted that the pension tax will diminish, but the shrinkage is always in the future. For the fiscal year 1905, the payments under that head amounted to \$141,142,861, which was a trifle more than last year, and more than for any other year since 1898.

PIONEERS OF THE DRY PLACES

The fourth of a series of articles describing the work of the United States Reclamation Service in the arid West. The last article told of Yuma and the Colorado Desert; the next will describe the opening of the Truckee-Carson Canal in Nevada

BY ARTHUR RUHL

IV—CALIFORNIA

ONE approaches the subject of irrigation in California with somewhat the emotions of a man attempting to "do" a world's fair in an afternoon, and finding himself at the outset lost in an agricultural palace containing, as the guide-book cheerfully observes, 26—miles of aisles—26, and exhibits covering a floor space of 1,273,896 square feet. There is no State in the Union about which one may so unsafely use the singular indefinite pronoun; none in which the changes of ordinary railroad journeys so nearly resemble the flights of that "Arabian Nights" rug which could whisk one in an eye-wink from Bagdad to Damascus. Here is a State longer from its north to its south line than is the distance from New York to Chicago, with not only almost every climate under the sun, but an assortment of industries and of social phenomena corresponding to each. In Death Valley on the eastern border, in the sunken desert on the south—before the water was brought into the Imperial Valley—you might imagine yourself in wildest Arabia or Sahara. Just across the mountains are the orange and lemon groves of Riverside and Redlands, the Italian villas and shaded drives and idleness of our American Riviera. A hundred miles northward you may leave San Francisco—a city that has much of New York's sparkle and glitter and love of pleasure without its overtone of relentless work—and in an hour or two, in the lower San Joaquin Valley, see the dikes and dairy lands, and the black-and-white cattle of Holland—a land below the river, covered naturally with "tule"



"THE OLD SPANISH FORMS ARE DEXTEROUSLY TURNED TO MODERN USES"

There are huge stretches far below sea level, yet dry as ashes, and mountains higher than any others in the United States. Even the names of its counties—El Dorado, Solano, Tuolumne, Fresno, Alameda, Stanislaus, Madera, and Tulare—have a sonorous roll to them, suggestive of something expansive, golden, unconfined.

It may seem a bit anomalous to include California at all in a story of pioneers and dry places. California's dry places, comparatively speaking, have been watered, her pioneers have long ago been gathered to their fathers. The story here is not one of pioneering, but of expanding and refining. Irrigation and reclamation in California bear much the same relation to projects, in such places as Arizona or Nevada, as the straightening of a railroad's curves and rebalancing its roadbed bears to the work of the engineers who first ran the lines through uncharted country. Yet it is here in California that American irrigation has been carried to its most exquisite refinement; projects here which merely contemplate an extension of well-established systems, or the irrigation of neighborhoods not regularly thought of as arid, open up vistas greater than those offered by perhaps any of the wholly new projects now under consideration in other States. And it is necessary to glance at some of these more significant aspects in California really to appreciate the import of the more elemental work in less finished communities.

I—The Show-Place of Irrigation

The leap across the mountains from the Imperial Valley to Riverside and Redlands gives one a sort of natural biograph picture of the growth of an irrigated country. You leave behind a sunken desert shut in by volcanic rocks and ghostly sand dunes, where the first crude fields of alfalfa and barley are just beginning to supplant creosote-bush and sage-brush; where muddy irrigation streams meander in open ditches after a haphazard journey from an overflowed river fifty or seventy-five miles away; where life is, as yet, a face-to-the-ground grind with the unplowed desert, and nothing breaks the spell of loneliness but a few straggling towns and the shacks of the pioneers. You ride into a land of orange groves and roses, of villas with red-tiled roofs and vine-covered pergolas, of stately avenues lined with date palms and eucalyptus trees—a land "finished," after its glittering, exotic fashion, where every drop of water is so scrupulously gathered up and exquisitely cared for and led to its precise spot of usefulness that the very means by which this great garden was created and is maintained is shut almost completely from view. This is the "California" of the tourist; he who reads a railroad advertisement in his New York or Chicago paper after he has caught his annual February cold—"why shiver in winter's white embrace when all is sunshine here?"—is whirled across the continent in a plush-lined box, picks an orange with his own hands from a tree at Pasadena, views the world sentimentally with some unattached heiress from an arbor on Smiley Heights, sees fish through a glass-bottomed boat at Catalina, loses his cold, comes back in March with a summer tan, and believes that he has

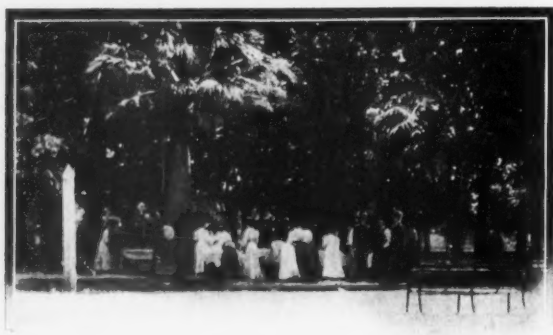
done California. This is where the oranges come from, and effete invalids and sun-loving millionaires go; the home of younger sons and heiresses and the idle second generation, where agriculture has become almost a fine art and the orchards look so much like parks that it is hard to believe they are grown for anything but fun.

There is a hotel at Riverside done all in the old mission style, even to the stone *campanile* arching over the driveway, with the original mission bells. The old Spanish forms are dexterously turned to modern practical uses—"a thought in every room," as I heard a woman say—a place low and cool and palm-shaded, grateful to the eye. Here they gave us a luncheon, in a soothing place filled with a mellow golden-brown light that seemed the natural emanation of a land of ripe fruits and sunshine. Except for the orange-flower honey and the brown ripe olives and a few such special bits of local color, it was just such a luncheon as might have been served under similar circumstances in one of the more carefully ordered restaurants of the East.

In the midst of all this, a harp hidden behind the palms began to play. It was the same tune they had played for us the day before at breakfast on the other side of the mountains—in that brand-new little hotel at Imperial, with its shiny new varnish and glaring white walls, and outside the blazing desert sun and open water ditches and new alfalfa fields. But there it came from a piano, attacked by a lady with curly hair, and a very precocious little girl in short skirts had shrilled out the "Holy City" as we ate our cantaloupes. After breakfast we thanked the curly-haired lady and the proud little girl, and everybody felt very grateful all round, but nobody thanked the harpist behind the palms—who played very well indeed—nor gave him a second thought. Both towns were equally hospitable, both gave what was their best. And that well-worn tune grouped about it, in a way, the surface differences between the social texture of the coast and the desert side of the mountains.

Where the Oranges Come From

It is here, between the coast and the San Gabriel and San Bernardino Mountains, which screen away the Mojave and the Colorado deserts, that our irrigation has been most highly perfected. Every drop of water—that which falls in rain, that from artesian wells, from tunnels penetrating the mountains, and that regained after irrigation through seepage—is gathered up as though it were gold dust. Cement canals and pipes prevent every unnecessary waste. In the San Joaquin Valley I saw an irrigation stream flowing down from the Sierras with a head of 900 second-feet. "If we had that at Los Angeles," said an engineer, "it would be worth twenty-five million dollars." So precious is water that nearly one-third of the 225,000 acres under irrigation in this part of California is fed from underground wells—a source of supply which has probably reached the limit of safe development. In the four counties of Riverside, San Bernardino, Orange, and Los Angeles, there were at the time of the last census 4,752,252 orange trees. From the two little cities of Riverside and Redlands about nine thousand carloads of oranges are shipped each year. Land with water rights is worth from \$500 to \$2,000 an acre. The typical char-



ENTERTAINING THE TOWN'S GUESTS IN THE COURTHOUSE SQUARE

rushes, flat, melancholy, oozing fertility. There is more than twice as much of this half-submerged land in California, which may be reclaimed and turned into farms, as Holland will have in all the bed of the Zuyder Zee after she has worked a generation to pump it out. Turn southward from this tule country and you cross whole counties which seem to be one vineyard, where vineries are as frequent as red barns in Illinois, avenues of palms line country roads, and the ranch houses, with whitewashed outbuildings standing in each shady oasis, look like the plantations of the eastern South. Turn northward up the Sacramento, and wheatfields like those of the Dakotas stretch from horizon to horizon, and further on are miles of smiling well-kept country that might have been lifted out of the Mohawk Valley, towns whose quiet courthouse squares and comfortable livableness take one back to New England and the Middle West.

The Golden State's Versatility

And yet these are only different corners of, so to say, the garden of this bewildering State. "The days of old, the days of gold" were in themselves enough for an ordinary State to give a sigh of satisfaction over, settle itself in its easy-chair, take up its knitting and say: "Ich habe gelebt und geliebt." And yet the mines are still working, without their old romance perhaps, forgotten in the State's sublimated pumpkin show, but steady-going like gas companies or trolley lines, turning out their thirty-seven millions' worth every year. There are places in California where as many oil rigs disfigure the landscape as in Ohio or Southern Kansas, and wildernesses blanketed in timber that have tempted the ungodly as much as those of Oregon. There are deserts almost bare of any growth at all, and forests of big trees which are perhaps the most impressive phenomena in the world's vegetation.



STERNWHEELERS LOADED WITH GRAIN GO CHUGGING DOWN TO SEA

characteristic of an irrigated country—the smallness of farms—is here carried to the nth degree. Orchards which really represent ambitious businesses cluster like ornamental gardens round play-house villas, and are admitted freely to the elite company of sun-dials and vine-covered pergolas. Agriculture has almost become horticulture. As far as irrigation goes, such a community is, practically, "finished"; with the wealth and luxuries which have gathered there and are, to a considerable extent, produced by it, it is one of the show places of irrigation.

II—The Second Generation

You may pull down the curtain of your Pullman on all this semi-tropical glitter, ride northward along the coast at the rate of forty miles an hour as long as the laziest man would care to sleep, and through all the night you will have passed through country varying from this only in degree; through Santa Barbara County, San Luis Obispo, opulent Santa Clara, with its three and a half million plum and prune trees; farming country so rich and carefully polished that even the wagon roads are oiled or sprinkled like city streets, through miles of semi-suburban neighborhoods, where the farms are so small and the fine houses so surrounded by orchards that it is hard to tell where the lines fall between town and country. In the morning, at San Francisco, you are still but half-way to the north State line. Eastward, beyond San Francisco Bay, are the sunken tule marshes of which we spoke an introductory word, the delta country of California's two great rivers, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin—the gateway into such a valley as can be found perhaps in no other place in the world. This gateway is a sort of Brobdingnagian truck-garden, where man-with-the-hoe-like-looking figures grub away close to the moist ground. Lazy schooners drift between its dikes, and stern-wheelers, like Mississippi steamboats, loaded with grain sacks, go chugging down to the sea. This, too, is reclaimed land; reclaimed by the reverse process of shutting out the water by dikes and clearing off the tule rushes that cover the peaty soil. The biggest asparagus beds in the world are here, there are fields of sugar-beets, onions, and potatoes without end, and not even in Holland can dairying be done as along the lower San Joaquin. There is plenty of water in Holland, but the Dutch cows have to be bundled up in blankets and kept in the house several months in the year and fed on hay. When the San Joaquin dairyman wants water, all that he has to do is to open a gate in his dike; the black-and-white mooley cows—we had the honor of petting one which has an authentic record of giving its weight in milk every fortnight—can ramble up to their knees through green feed all the year round.

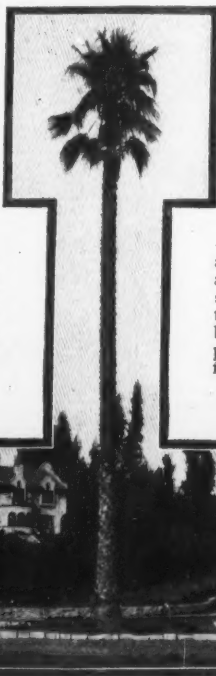
When the Struggle Over Water Rights Begins

The Great Valley, into which this swampy gateway leads, is a vast trough, walled in by the Coast Range and the Sierras, forty miles wide on the average and extending for four hundred miles up and down the State, an almost unbroken gently-sloping plain. The Sacramento, flowing southward from Mount Shasta, drains the northern portion of this valley; the San Joaquin, flowing northward from the lower Sierras, drains the southern. The depression where they meet is only a trifling sag in the general level of the delta, so that from the point of view of geography the two valleys are practically one. If Southern California is the park and show-place of the State, this, together with the wonderful Santa Clara Valley, is the workaday farm and granary. It is using an inadequate euphemism to say that it is a land of milk and honey. It is also a land of gold and grapes and wine; of olives, and dried and fresh fruits without end; here are the oil wells that are making the State a factory as well as a garden; here are the wheatfields that Norris told about in "The Octopus." With the literature of exploitation at its present dizzy altitude, I shall make no attempt to wrestle with statistics, to tell how many plum puddings could be stuffed with Fresno County raisins, how many times Santa Clara's prunes would belt the solar system if they were strung together end to end. Fresno, for example, covers some three and a half millions of acres, and grows nearly three hundred million of the seven hundred and twenty-two million pounds of grapes that are picked from California's vineyards. She is a grape county. Others are pear, apple, wine counties. Santa Clara is the prune county. There are some three and a half millions of prune and plum trees in her orchards, and she produces annually thirty-four million pounds of dried fruits. California considers that town lost which has not its superlative.

For our purposes, it is more pertinent to observe some of the typical inheritances which, in such a country, fall to the generations following the pioneer. Here in



A SANTA BARBARA GRAPE-VINE, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD



"A land of villas, shaded drives, and idleness, finished after its glittering exotic fashion"

the valley of the San Joaquin, for example, you may see one side—that unlovely human warp which begins to show through a country's fabric when the virgin bloom of pioneer life has begun to wear away. When white men first came in here they brought with them

their traditional doctrine of riparian ownership—that the owner of land along a stream is entitled to the "natural and usual flow" of all its water past his property. The impossibility of reconciling this theory with the necessity of establishing the ownership of water taken out of a stream and carried to lands not on its banks is obvious. As long as there was water "to burn," things went smoothly enough; as soon as the country became sufficiently settled so that there was not always enough to go round trouble began. The men who had "prior claims" insisted on a first-come-first-served doctrine which assumed that the right to use water involved the right to waste it. Men have stood guard over their head-gates with rifles and shotguns; to-day you may see a farmer using perhaps one-tenth of the water that flows through his ditch while the fields of others in the same neighborhood are parched for water. Twenty-eight canals carry the waters of the Kings River over the county of Fresno. Full at the beginning of the season, these canals go dry one after another, according to their "priority" and the issue of the annual lawsuits. The water companies spend almost \$40,000 every year in litigation. The bitterness increases, but the water doesn't. By building a reservoir in Clark's Valley, the Reclamation Service estimates that enough water could be saved to make available some three hundred thousand acres of unused land.

In all Fresno County there are under irrigation now only about four hundred thousand acres. Yet the reservoir is not built. The reason is, so they say in California, that were it built the first thing to happen would be the serving upon the officers of the company of orders "to show cause why the company should not be perpetually enjoined from diverting the waters of Kings River to the great and irreparable damage of each one of the prior users of water on that stream." The entire water of Kings River has been appropriated over and over again. It is practically impossible to determine to whom the disputed water rights belong. What is needed—and here we quote from a report of the California Section of Public Laws—"is the measurement of the water of all the streams of the State by competent administrative authority. When once the amount of water used by the owners of vested rights is ascertained, and when the amount of water that is wasted is ascertained, and the amount of water that should be used on each acre is demonstrated, and the amount of water that goes to waste annually in the winter and spring floods is ascertained," there will be some sort of intelligent basis for the necessary reforms and legislation. The working out of problems like this is the toll collected by that more complex and comfortable civilization which follows the haphazard ways of the pioneers.

III—The Tired Earth's Second 'Wind

The Sacramento Valley, the northern half of this big longitudinal trough, exhibits a third typical example of second-generation irrigation—that which begins in a country not generally reckoned as arid, but where the relentless farming of the early settlers has at last begun to exhaust an unusually fertile soil. The Sacramento Valley is, in a way, the San Joaquin turned upside down. Here, close to Sacramento, gold was first discovered and thither the Forty-niners came flocking in. Some of them, thrifty men, not blind to the beautiful valley into which they wandered, took their pick of the virgin lands. The towns that these men settled—quite ancient now for the West—seem as far away, almost, as New England or the Middle West from the exotic settlements of the South. They look, indeed, like towns of the East, with their plain and stable houses, their solid oaks and shaded courthouse squares. Life here is more like life and less like a sort of brilliant picnic. The present generation has, for the most part, been born where it now lives. Grandsons are keeping banks which were started with the fortunes piled up more picturesquely by the pioneers. There are old houses, with old-fashioned gardens in front of them, where one might almost fancy a New England conscience living and feeling at home. Some of the land in this—to the East—almost unknown part of California has, indeed, been irrigated for thirty years. More olives grow here than anywhere else in the State, the oranges ripen in some parts of the valley a month before they do in Southern California, yet for all that the general look of the country is less that of the semi-tropics and more that of the white man's normal country. As one goes northward, dazzled by the gaudy high-lights of the south, the palm trees and the eucalyptus become scarcer. It seems a grateful, livable sort of place,—

"Where the oak and the pine and the weeping willow tree,
They all grow so fine in North America!"

This is the land of wheatfields—the bonanza fields of the old



IN THE LOWER SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY, WHERE THE FIELDS ARE BELOW THE RIVER



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A HALT IN THE

PAINTED BY F. REM



THE WILDERNESS

BY F. C. REMINGTON

days of "horseback farming," when even so gentle a task as the growing of grain had its fine sweep and swing and romance. Farms were principalities in those days. The mere plowing of such vast stretches of land had an almost engineering dignity, and the harvest was like a battle. One of the Sacramento farms used to be the largest grain farm in the world, and it was the dream of its owner to gather in one harvest a million bushels of wheat. Once he came within a few hundred bushels of it, but he never succeeded and died with his dream still a dream. Twenty-five years ago, when Colusa County included Glenn County, it produced two per cent of all the wheat crop of the United States. It is a great olive country, too, this northern valley, especially in the neighborhood of Oroville, and six of its counties produce about three-fifths of the five million pounds and over grown in the State each year.

Passing of the Old Regime

The impressive thing, however, about the Sacramento Valley, as compared with other parts of the State, particularly Southern California, is that whereas there so much has been done with so little, here so little has been done with so much. On the great wheat and barley farms, the same crops have been grown—without the fertilization that comes from irrigation—for half a century, one after another, until the tired earth has begun to protest; the once bountiful mother can no longer give what her selfish children demand. The last census returns showed an average production of wheat per acre in California of only 13.6 bushels; time was when the same land yielded twice and thrice that amount. But the old days are gone, gone like the cowboy and the open range. The old domains now going to seed must be divided, and small farms take their place. Patience and painstaking intelligence and rotation of crops must take the place of the fine freedom of the old days, the princely gamble with a lavish soil and fickle rains. The north valley is just beginning to enter on its new régime.

In all of it there are now only about forty thousand acres under irrigation. The area that can be irrigated, eventually, probably exceeds two million acres. Enough

water runs away in the great river every year to cover the whole surface of the valley nine feet deep. At the same time there are nearly half a million acres in the lower part of the valley, where the river has built itself up above the general level of the country, which are made unfit for cultivation by the annual floods. The



GRAPES RIPENING IN A SAN JOAQUIN VINEYARD

problem thus presents two sides, one of building reservoirs and impounding water; the other of building dikes, clearing out clogged up river beds, and reclaiming submerged land. The abundance of water, the enormous amount of fertile land, and the large number of convenient reservoir basins, all make the project peculiarly alluring, yet it is so vast and complicated that not even the Government may undertake it all at once. Parts of it, indeed, such as river improvement in the interests of navigation, are out of the special sphere of the Reclamation Service, and the whole scheme

is as yet but in its early stages. A vast amount of stream and topographical measurement has been done, however—a dozen reservoir sites located and surveyed.

All things considered, the Sacramento Valley offers perhaps the greatest opportunity for material development by irrigation to be found in the West. Those who know about such things estimate that when the vast project is completed the northern half of this great middle-State trough can comfortably support as many people as now live in the whole State of California. Certainly the surface has, so to say, only been scratched, and in future days the bulk of California's population outside of her seaport cities will be supported here.

The Rainbow Makers

Only the mind of the typical Californian can dwell at length on the possibilities of such a project without being reduced to a state of incipient delirium. The Californian basks and grows calm in such contemplation, because it is natural to him. There he breathes his normal air. One hundred and fifty-two chambers of commerce throughout his State work overtime weaving Aladdin dreams out of projects such as this. A central promotion committee co-operates with them—the central geyser, as it were, in one huge fountain, which performs day and night, ever spouting without cease. The supervisors, even, of every county are allowed to appropriate a certain proportion for advertising and the encouragement of irrigation. Ever the fountain spouts, ever the new tide flows in. To these adepts, who juggle columns of seven figures with their eyes shut, and munch facts and blow statistics out of their mouths as the intrepid Diabolio at the Nickleodeon chews glass and breathes fire, we leave these future days. Only they can tell what the Golden State will be like in that Eden time when all the streams are caged and trained, water laws made just and water rights established, and one endless chain of plutocratic agriculturists—each able to talk to his neighbor over the hedgerows that separate their ten-acre farms—will join Iron Canyon on the north with the furthest southern headwaters of the San Joaquin.

THE UNEARNED INCREMENT

"BLESSED ARE THEY AS DON'T EXPECT NOTHIN', FOR THEY DON'T GET LEFT"

By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL, Author of "The Web," "The Accomplice," etc.

WHEN Colonel Van Vechten's will was opened and it was discovered that he had named one Bernard Fleck as his residuary legatee, there were many questions asked, but few answered, concerning the unknown beneficiary. Mrs. Van Vechten, however, vaguely recalled him as a poor relation of some sort, and further identification seemed unnecessary at the time, for the Colonel's prior bequests bade fair to exhaust his entire estate and leave nothing but a complimentary mention for the residuary claimant. Under ordinary circumstances it is more than probable that this early estimate would have been justified, but the Van Vechten property unexpectedly enhanced in value, and when it was demonstrated that there would be a twenty-five thousand dollar surplus in the estate after the payment of all other claims, interest in the person of Bernard Fleck speedily revived.

It was at this juncture that a formal letter was despatched to him requesting his attendance at the offices of Eustace, Deland & Delaplaine, counselors-at-law, where he would learn something to his immediate advantage. Mr. Eustace penned this note himself, as became a family solicitor of the old school, whose black satin stock had survived numerous decrees of fashion and was rapidly coming into favor again, and who regarded the typewriter as an agency destructive of that confidence which sanctifies communications between counsel and client. Not obtaining any answer to his letter, the senior partner wrote another at the end of a week, and a few days later received a strange reply dated Hedden's Corners, March 4.

"Mr. Bernard Fleck [it read] has got yours and says he doesn't know you and don't care to. Likeways he states that he's heard of your game and has no idee of 'coming on.' So hopes you'll 'come off.'"

Mr. Eustace read this message twice, shook his head with a puzzled air and then sought out Deland.

"What in the world does this mean?" he demanded gravely as he laid the letter on his associate's desk. "Is the man crazy or drunk—or what?"



"I keep tabs on freight"

Deland picked up the half sheet of note-paper and chuckled softly to himself as he read the words scrawled upon it.

"That fellow's all right!" he commented smilingly. "He's cute—that's all—too cute for city sharks."

"Will you be good enough to tell me what it all means?"

Deland glanced at the old gentleman's solemn expression and suppressed a strong inclination to laugh in his face.

"Why, don't you see?" he began gravely, but paused as he noticed the youngest member of the firm passing the door. "Here, Delaplaine!" he called out, "see if you can explain this to Mr. Eustace. He thinks the writer's crazy."

One glance at the letter was enough for the junior partner.

"Why, he takes you for a bunco-steerer!" he burst out, addressing Mr. Eustace.

"A what?" demanded the old gentleman.

"A bunco-steerer, sir. He believes you're trying a new trick to make him 'come on,' as the sharpers say, and buy a gold-brick. The old bird's been bitten some time or another and doesn't intend to be nipped again. Isn't it delicious?"

"It is highly ridiculous," retorted the senior partner stiffly. "Send one of the boys to the fool and explain the matter, but don't lead him to expect too much, or we'll have trouble."

Mr. Eustace stalked indignantly from the room, leaving his associates to enjoy the joke by themselves.

"This is too good to keep," chuckled Delaplaine as the door closed.

"If it is we'll have to resign from the firm," hinted Deland. "The old man doesn't see anything funny in it and he wouldn't appreciate being nicknamed 'the bunco-steerer.'"

Delaplaine nodded acquiescently, but the story did leak out somehow, to the huge delight of the clerical force, and when at last the cautious legatee was introduced to call at the office, everybody, from the tele-

phone boy to the junior partner, took a look in at the library, where the visitor awaited Mr. Eustace's convenience.

Bernard Fleck was a tall, heavily-built man, well past middle age, with gray hair and beard, a clean-shaven upper lip and a large face deeply furrowed with wrinkles. His rusty black clothes were countrified, but neat, his bumpy congress shoes highly polished, his linen frayed but clean, and his black kid gloves, though worn to purple-white at the finger-ends, had been mended with infinite care. Indeed, the whole appearance of the man bespoke self-respecting poverty and childlike simplicity. His careworn face, however, was grave and weary to the point of sadness, his mouth and eyes alone suggesting the author of the missive which had ruffled the senior partner's dignity. Mr. Eustace was considerably older than his new client, but the two men had much in common and instinctively recognized this almost the moment they were closeted together.

"Our representative has, I believe, explained the purport of my letter," Mr. Eustace began stiffly, after a formal exchange of greetings. Mr. Fleck gravely nodded his massive head.

"Yes, sir," he drawled, slowly smoothing his old silk hat. "I didn't understand it at first, never havin' had any trouble with lawyers before, and never hearin' nothin' to their immediate advantage."

Mr. Eustace glanced doubtfully at the speaker, but detected no signs of levity in his impassive countrified stare.

"Did you know your cousin well, Mr. Fleck?" he continued after a pause.

"Colonel Van Vechten? No, sir. I hired some money from him one time when the children was sick, but he got it back long time 'go and I ain't had no dealings with him since."

The conversation flagged again and the visitor calmly drew a copy of the local paper from his pocket and settled back to read it with the utmost unconcern. Mr. Eustace covered his embarrassment by hunting for a memorandum among the papers on his desk.

"Did our representative inform you of the amount of your legacy, Mr. Fleck?" he inquired at last.

The old man looked up from his reading as he heard the question and slowly shook his head.

"No, sir," he answered thoughtfully. "I ain't seen nobody except the young feller that come to the Corners, but he let on ther might be a few hundreds lyin' 'round loose after the rest of the folks got what was comin' to 'em."

"A few thousands," asserted Mr. Eustace, glancing up from his memorandum to note the effect of this correction.

Mr. Fleck laid aside his paper and stared at the lawyer in silent bewilderment.

"Thousands, eh?" he ejaculated at last. "Well, I want to know!"

"We hardly know ourselves just yet, Mr. Fleck, but I think you may count on receiving eventually say—er—three thousand or so."

Mr. Eustace watched the expression of intense astonishment which greeted this cautious statement, and mentally determined that it would be unwise to advise the legatee of the full extent of his fortune at once. It might unsettle his mind.

"I should think it would be quite three thousand," he ventured gravely.

Mr. Fleck sat speechless for some moments and then, drawing a long breath, whistled softly.

"Three thousand!" he murmured at last. "My, but that sounds sorter bulky," he chuckled, as though submitting the matter to a jocular test. "Never had as much in all my life, lawyer," he volunteered after a pause.

Mr. Eustace beamed as he noted the old-fashioned title. The fellow was a quaint, simple character, and his heart warmed to him with benevolent interest.

"You've worked hard all your life too, I expect, Mr. Fleck," he suggested sympathetically.

"Yes, sir—yes, sir," the old man ruminated. "I've done my share of up-hill hauls, but never got ahead much. Six children is quite a heavy load for one pair of shafts, but I've kept a pullin' and mother's kept a pushin' and the wagon ain't never stopped for long. Never, except when our eldest boy went; but then I reckon we did sit down for a spell."

Mr. Fleck removed his spectacles and wiped the glasses with his newspaper, while Mr. Eustace glanced discreetly out of the side window.

"What is your business, Mr. Fleck?" he inquired after a pause.

"Well, sir, I've done a power of things one time an' 'nother, but for the last fifteen years I've been handlin' freight down to the X. & C. yards."

"Handling freight?"

"Well, I ain't actually handled none for five—six years—not bein' as husky as I was, but I keep tabs on it, check bills lading and such. It's light, but long."

"The X. & C. pays well, I suppose?"

"Not what they ought to, seeing the piles o' money they make," the old man asserted. "But they give sixty a month and we've done with less."

Sixty a month, to keep this hard-working fellow and six others! Clients interested in the railroad had recently been complaining to Mr. Eustace about the extravagant management of the company. There was certainly no waste in wages here, though it might indicate a penny-wise-pound-foolish policy. Colonel Van Vechten's money was going to the right people, and Mr. Eustace played delightedly with the thought of the surprise he had in store.

"Well, Mr. Fleck," he exclaimed, "I congratulate you on your cousin's generosity. You will have a tidy sum for a rainy day."

The old man nodded reflectively.

"Three thousand? . . . Yes, it'll help sure—when we get it," he added doubtfully.



"Nothin'll save you now!" roared the old man

"You will have it in a few months at most."

Mr. Fleck's solemn countenance relaxed in a broad smile of satisfaction.

"Do tell!" he ejaculated gleefully.

Then his smile disappeared under the shadow of a doubt.

"Reckon I won't tell mother till it's cash money," he remarked warily. "Something might happen, eh?"

"I don't think so. But perhaps it's best to be on the safe side."

Mr. Eustace chuckled over his secret like a boy, as he offered his hand at parting, and the old countryman stood grasping it for some time as though lost in thought.

"It'd be kinder good to make it an even five—wouldn't it?" he confided in an absent-minded way.

Mr. Eustace instantly dropped his visitor's hand. There was something jarring in the wistful tone of his voice—something which, in Mr. Fleck, sounded like avarice and ingratitude, and marred the perfection of the coming surprise.

"Don't get your expectations too high, my friend," he remarked warningly. "However, call again in two or three days, and perhaps we will make you a payment on account. I want you to look upon yourself as a client of this office, Mr. Fleck," he went on paternally, "and we want every client to regard us as friends. Your interests are our interests, and your affairs will receive the same attention as would be given them were you our only client."

Mr. Fleck departed with clumsy expressions of simple gratitude, and, returning at the end of a week, received a check for three thousand dollars, and a delicate intimation that more might be forthcoming in another month. But he only winked incredulously as Mr. Eustace broadened the hint.

"Blessed are them as don't expect nothin', for they don't get left," he quoted. "I seen that in a calendar," he added jocosely, and departed, leaving Mr. Eustace in a genial glow of good-will.

At the end of the month he reappeared as calm, re-

spectable and simple as ever, but with a weekly edition of the city paper instead of the local sheet bulging from his pocket. He'd taken a day off, as the railroad was blocked by a wash-out, and no freight was coming through, he explained to his counsel. It must have been a bad year for the railroads, Mr. Eustace reflected, what with storms and floods and traffic disturbances of all kinds. Mr. Fleck didn't see this. Only made delay, he asserted. Railroad got all the freight there was anyway, and it didn't make no particular difference which day they carried it on—act of God protectin' them against damages.

Mr. Eustace felt himself resenting an expression of opinion on the part of Bernard Fleck.

What business had the fellow to contradict a man versed in large affairs! The idea of his asserting his country-store opinions on railroading against the legal adviser of the largest creditors of the very railroad he was talking about! If this was the effect of a little money, the next instalment would make him insufferable.

It was a trifling matter, but Mr. Eustace experienced a distinct sense of disappointment in the man, which culminated in his calm reception of the news that there was \$10,000 more to his credit from Van Vechten's legacy.

"I kinder hoped it might be more," was all he said.

Some six weeks passed before the office saw him again, but Mr. Eustace was out when he called, and this seemed to make the visitor nervous and ill at ease. He no longer sat quietly in the library, but paced restlessly up and down the room or stood anxiously peering out of the window. One of the boys offered him a morning paper to pass the time away, but he answered roughly that he'd read it and it was nothing but a pack of lies anyway. Gol darn such stuff! He pulled his own crumpled copy from his pocket and tossed it disgustedly into the waste-paper basket.

Mr. Eustace, returning to the office, wasted no time in pleasing preliminaries, as on former occasions, but proceeded straight to business. He had lost interest in Bernard Fleck at their last interview, and there was no satisfaction in planning to surprise a man who expected more than he would receive. With a clear, businesslike account in his hand, the senior partner explained that there was a balance of \$12,000 still remaining in the estate, took a receipt for all but \$2,000, and requested Mr. Fleck to call in another month and close the entire transaction.

"I shall be very glad to assist you in investing this money, Mr. Fleck, if you care for advice," he remarked coldly as he wrote out a check for the third payment on account.

"I reckon I know a stocking this'll fit into," the old man responded, with a glance of suspicion.

"No doubt, no doubt," Mr. Eustace answered testily, "but a good mortgage pays better than the toes of stockings, and it's quite as safe."

"Mortgage, eh?" sniffed Mr. Fleck. "There's a Jewman down our way hires out all's needed in that line, and I don't reckon to compete with him."

Mr. Eustace shrugged his shoulders as he delivered the check into his client's ready hand, and then suggestively rang the bell upon his desk.

Although Mr. Fleck reappeared two weeks ahead of his next appointment, he had changed so greatly in the interval that the clerks in the outer office scarcely recognized him. Not only had his face aged, but his whole appearance and manner had suffered an alarming transformation. He hurried breathlessly into the office and, gripping the nearest boy by the shoulder, demanded an immediate interview with Mr. Eustace. The startled youngster slipped from under his grasp and informed him that the boss was out.

"You lie—gol darn you!" shouted the old man, threatening the lad with his stick, and the uproar which ensued brought Mr. Delaplane to his door.

"What's the matter here?" he demanded sternly of a clerk who had armed himself with an inkstand.

"Matter!" roared the old man. "Hell's the matter, that's what! Here I come for my money and this unlicked pup up and tells me his boss is out. I know that game! It's been tried before. He was out last time when I wanted him to shell out, but I ain't got no time for foolin' now, and I'll have what's comin' to me right away quick, or know the reason why!"

"Sit down, Mr. Fleck," commanded Delaplane, sharply. "There's not the slightest occasion for excitement or disturbance of any sort. Sit down and I'll see you in a few moments."

"You'll see me now, young feller!" shouted the angry visitor, striding forward. "I tell you I ain't got no time for foolin' or being fooled. It's a matter of life and death, man!" he whispered hoarsely, as he

reached the junior partner's side. Delaplaine caught the beseeching note in this wild appeal and quickly took his cue.

"Come in here, sir," he directed, and, motioning the excited man into his private room, stepped inside and calmly closed the door.

Mr. Fleck staggered to a chair and immediately collapsed, burying his head in his arms and breathing heavily in tremulous, nervous gasps. Mr. Delaplaine watched him for a moment in silence, and then, stepping forward, laid a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"What is the matter, Mr. Fleck?" he inquired kindly. "Are you ill?"

"It's my head!" panted the old man, raising his haggard face from his arms. "The figures are driving me crazy! I'm mad with 'em already, but I can't understand—I just can't understand!"

He pressed his hands to his brow and, staring straight before him, rocked back and forth as he moaned the words in a pitiful, broken voice.

"Perhaps I could help you if you'd tell me what the trouble is. I'm pretty good at figures," suggested Delaplaine.

The old man ceased his rocking and looked up at the young lawyer with hopeful confidence.

"By gum, I'll try ye!" he burst out suddenly. "Here! See what you kin make of these, and these, and these!"

He tore a bundle of papers from his inside pocket, tossed it on the table, and then fished out some loose sheets, soiled with handling, and smashed them down on top of the bundle.

Delaplaine drew a chair to the table, and, sitting down, picked up the crumpled papers. One glance was enough to make him spring to his feet, the papers shaking in his hands. "You have been speculating in X. & C.?" he cried incredulously.

"Speculatin'?" repeated the old man. "No, sir, I ain't been speculatin'—I've been *investin'*. I didn't know nothing 'cept about X. & C., but I seen what they was doin'; so when I got the three thousand off Mr. Eustace, I thought I'd just make it five by buyin' what I *knowed* was good. But something went wrong, and the brokers said I could even up by buyin' lower an' averagin', and so—"

"You put the next ten in?" interrupted Delaplaine aglance.

"I bought enough to make the first lot a sight cheaper," responded the old man. "And it was cheap too!" he added defiantly. "I reckon I ought to know with the heap o' business I see doing every day 'long at the Corners. I tell you there's something wrong with them figures!" he burst out fiercely. "They're fixed up to cheat me, but I'll beat 'em yet!"

Delaplaine had taken down the file of canceled checks in the Van Vechten estate as Fleck talked and was feverishly examining the indorsements. Every one of those drawn to the residuary legatee had been transferred directly to the Wall Street firm, whose complicated statements lay scattered on the table, and the lawyer dropped the checks and eagerly scanned the last brokerage account submitted to Mr. Fleck. It showed a balance of barely \$1,000.

"Is this all there is left?" he demanded of the crushed figure in the chair.

"They say they got to have two thousand more!" was the hopeless answer, and Mr. Fleck held out a letter in his trembling hands.

Delaplaine snatched it from him and read a demand for \$2,000 more margin, to protect the stock already purchased, or it would have to be sold and all would be lost.

"And all will be lost!" he repeated scornfully. "We'll save what's left anyway!" he muttered, snatching the telephone receiver from its hook.

Mr. Fleck sprang to his feet as he heard the words, his eyes flashing excitedly. "Yes, by gum! We'll save it—save it all!" he shouted. "Get the two thousand—quick!"

"Keep still," commanded Delaplaine impatiently. "We'll throw no more good money after bad. Let them sell," he added, as he called up the brokers' number.

"Let them sell! Never! Here! Give me my money! What—you won't?" roared the old man, dragging Delaplaine from his desk. "I tell ye I've got to have it, and if I don't I'll—"

The door opened and Mr. Eustace stood upon the threshold.

"What's the meaning of all this disturbance?" he demanded.

"He won't give me my money!" shouted Fleck. "But I'll get it out of you—you old—"

The speaker stopped, glared for a moment, and then sank back exhausted in the chair.

"Is he mad?" demanded Eustace.

"Nearly," panted Delaplaine. "He's been speculating in X. & C.," he whispered.

"In X. & C.!" Good God! I've just won our motion appointing a receiver! Doesn't he know we're the attorneys for the creditors and—"

"Hush!" implored Delaplaine. "He won't understand!"

But the old man had already caught the words and sprang to his feet with a roar.

"So, it's you that's been workin' agin me—is it?" he yelled, his face purple with rage.

"Calm yourself, Mr. Fleck," commanded Mr. Eustace sympathetically.

"—Been plannin' to ruin me all the time—eh? Yer Judas!"

The old man's voice broke on the words and he paused, glaring wildly at his counsel.

"—Waited to get my money in the road before yer bust it, and—"

"The road has not been solvent for years, sir," interrupted Mr. Eustace indignantly. "If you had consulted us, we would have told you the condition of affairs and saved you—"

"Saved me! Yer've sold me out—damn yer! and nothin' 'll save yer now!"

There was a rush and whirl of a heavy stick through the air, and Delaplaine pulled his associate aside just as the lamp on the table was shattered into splinters, and the giant figure of the frenzied client crashed forward over the ruins. In another moment he was harmless in strong arms, and Mr. Delaplaine was madly telephoning the brokers to sell out. But he was too late. The market had fallen again on the news of the receivership, and Bernard Fleck already owed more than twice the \$2,000 still due him from the Van Vechten estate.

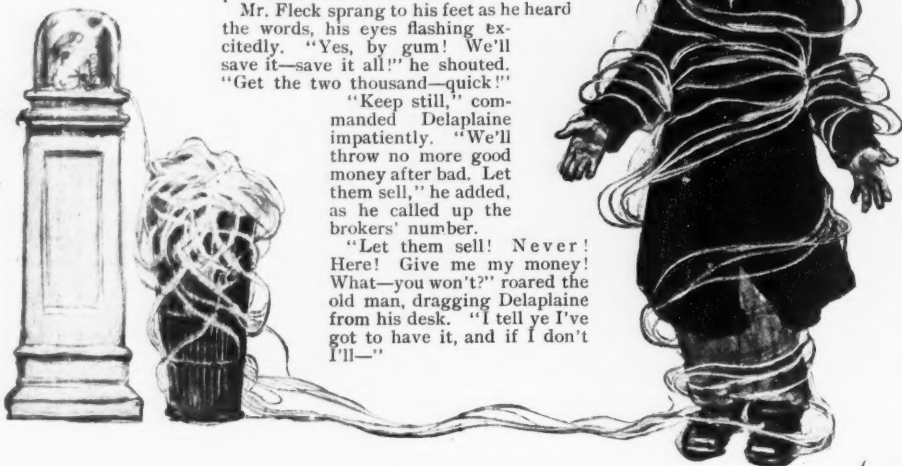
His frenzy had apparently expended itself with his fall on the table, and he was quite docile and passive by the time a doctor arrived. For some days he remained dazed, but gradually recovered with careful nursing in Mr. Eustace's own home.

Finally, when the exact condition of his affairs was explained to him by his host, he faced the disaster with the same calm he had displayed at the discovery of his fortune, and, of the two, Mr. Eustace was the more affected. Indeed, there were signs of a tear in the senior partner's eyes as he bade his guest good-by.

"I'm sorry—more sorry than I can say, Mr. Fleck," he whispered, as he pressed his visitor's hand at parting. "Sorry for you and the mother—and—every body."

The old man nodded comprehendingly, and a faint smile flickered for a moment on his trembling lips.

"Blessed are them as don't expect nothing," he quoted musingly. "Guess the only smart thing I done was rememberin' that motto. . . . Things kin go on 'bout the same, I reckon. I've never let on to the folks at the Corners."



THE LURE OF THE PIRATE'S GOLD

A TRUE STORY OF TREASURE-HUNTING THAT HAS CONTINUED FOR A HUNDRED YEARS

MANY remarkable tales have been told of treasures of unparalleled richness concealed a couple of centuries ago by the fierce bands of freebooters which at that time infested the Atlantic seaboard. The great majority of these tales have no foundation whatever in fact. A close investigation reveals nothing but hearsay evidence many times removed, the thread of the legend growing more and more fragile as it leads back into the dim, romantic past of this wild yet beautiful region.

Chimerical as are these fantasies, however, they have lured many a man to fruitless hardship and even death—for the shifting sands know no mercy and the rock-bound coast guards well its secret places.

It is remarkable, indeed, what risks a man will take when there exists the slightest prospect of a golden reward. Repeated failure does not daunt nor hardship deter the adventurer who pursues that glittering mirage—he is convinced the gold is there, but he has misinterpreted the landmarks or too soon abandoned the search.

From the mass of these legends of hidden treasure, there is one which stands out prominently and has undoubtedly a substantial foundation of fact. It is the story of fabulous riches long ago buried by pirates on Oak Island in Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia. The probability of the tale is so great that it has, during the past hundred years, driven many a man to a fruitless search, and large sums of money, and even human life, have been sacrificed in the quest.

The existence of this treasure is firmly believed by men in high

standing, and company after company has been organized to carry on the search in a thorough and systematic manner. To-day, after these many years of failure, a new company is about to begin operations, and the aid of modern science will be invoked to recover the plunder of the old freebooters. It is a notable fact that every surviving member of the old company has hastened to purchase stock in its successor, and I have never met a man connected with the works on Oak Island who would admit the possibility of a doubt that its fabulous treasure would eventually be recovered.

The story which I shall now relate recounts only facts as stated by men who had an active part in them. From these facts it can readily be proved that a shaft about thirteen feet in diameter and a hundred feet deep was sunk on Oak Island before the memory of any one now living; that this shaft was connected by an underground tunnel with the ocean, about four hundred feet distant; that at the bottom of the shaft were placed large wooden boxes in which were precious metals and jewels; that it is reasonably certain the treasure is large, since so much trouble was taken to conceal it, and that many attempts have been made to recover this treasure.

The buccaneers of the olden time must have found an ideal haven in Mahone Bay. The rugged hills reach out long arms on either side, enclosing a sheet of water twenty miles long by twelve wide. Across the entrance the Tanook Islands present a high rampart against the mists and storms of the Atlantic. Innumerable coves alternate with bold peninsulas, and three hundred and sixty-five islands lie scattered about the bay. Once inside the Tancooks, the privateer might loiter at pleasure, absolutely secure from detection behind the sheltering capes and islands.

Oak Island is situated near the head of the bay, about four miles from the town of Chester. A narrow channel separates it from the mainland of Western Shore. The island is about a mile long and half as wide. Its formation is a very hard, tough clay. At its eastern extremity lies a little crescent-shaped bay (Smith's Cove), whose shores were originally covered with oak trees, many of which are still to be seen.



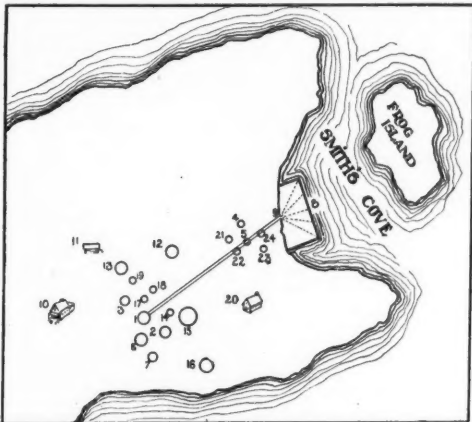
Smith's Cove, showing the old-fashioned hoisting whim near the shore

A hundred years ago, in this portion of the country, settlers were few and far between, and the island in question was without a single inhabitant. One afternoon, in the year 1795, three young men, Smith, MacGinnis, and Vaughan, drew their canoe ashore in the little eastern cove and began to stroll about the island. Among the great groves of oak trees, they came to a spot whose strange and unusual appearance at once engaged their attention. The ground had every appearance of having been cleared many years before. Red clover and other plants foreign to the soil in its natural state were growing there. In the centre of this tiny clearing stood a giant oak whose trunk bore curious marks and figures. One of the large lower branches of this tree had been sawed off at a considerable distance from the trunk, and on the stump had been arranged a heavy block and tackle, or hoisting fall, such as was common on board ship at that time. Directly beneath this was a peculiar circular depression in the earth about a dozen feet in diameter.

Naturally their curiosity was aroused, and shortly afterward they returned to the island determined to discover the meaning of these strange traces of a former visitor. The tide happened to be unusually low when they landed a second time in Smith's Cove, and on this occasion they made a discovery which seemed to prove that seafaring men had previously visited the island. A great iron ring-bolt was plainly visible, imbedded in a huge rock. This may still be seen at very low tides, and was undoubtedly placed there long ago to serve as a mooring for vessels. Not far distant a boatswain's stone whistle of a very ancient pattern was picked up, and, later, a copper coin, weighing an ounce and a half and bearing the date 1713 with various strange devices.

The three men began to dig in the circular depression under the great oak, and before long they saw that they were working in a well-defined shaft, the walls of which were hard and solid, with old pick-marks plainly visible in places, while within the shaft the earth was so loose that picks were not required. At a depth of ten feet they came to a covering of heavy oak plank, which they removed and then continued the digging.

At a depth of twenty feet they found a second covering carefully adjusted as the first, and again, at thirty feet, they laid bare a third layer of planking. At this point the work became too heavy for them. When they sought help they found that stories were rife about the country-side of cries and groans heard from the island at dead of night, of sulphurous flames ascending heavenward, and of witch-fires luring the unwary to destruction. Superstitious belief held full sway in the country at that time, so that the three adventurers were unable to get any help to continue the work, and were forced to abandon the undertaking.



MAP OF THE WORKINGS ON OAK ISLAND

1. Money Pit. 2. Pit, 110 feet; a century old. 3. Pit, 109 feet; fifty years old. 4. Pit, 75 feet; fifty years old; no water. 5. Pit, 35 feet; fifty years old; water. 6. Pit, 118 feet; forty-five years old; water. 7. Pit, 50 feet; forty-five years old; water. 8. Excavation on shore. 9. Pirate's Tunnel. 10. Smith's house. 11. Barn. 12. Pit, 136 feet; fresh water. 13. Pit, 145 feet; no water. 14. Pit, 96 feet; caved in. 15. Pit, 160 feet; caved in. 16. Pit, 108 feet; salt water. 17-19. 80 to 90 feet; salt water. 20. Cook house. 21-24. Pits, 35 to 40 feet

Some half-dozen years passed, but the story of the strange discoveries on Oak Island was not forgotten. Dr. Lynds, a young physician of Truro, visited the island and talked with Smith, MacGinnis, and Vaughan. Returning to Truro much impressed with what he had seen and heard, he speedily formed a company for the purpose of continuing the search.

Many prominent men took an active interest in this company, among whom were Colonel Robert Archibald, Captain David Archibald, and Sheriff Harris. Work was at once resumed on the island, and the shaft was cleared to a depth of ninety-five feet. Marks were found every ten feet, as before, one layer being of charcoal spread over a matting of some substance resembling coconut fibre, while another was of putty, some of which was used in glazing the windows of a house then in course of construction on Western Shore. The articles mentioned are generally found among the stores of sea-going craft.

At the ninety-foot mark the workmen came upon a large flat stone, three feet long and sixteen inches wide, upon which was a curious inscription. This stone was afterward placed in the jamb of a fireplace, which Smith was building in his new house, and while there it was viewed by thousands of people. Many years later it was removed from the fireplace and taken to Halifax to have its inscription deciphered. One expert declared that the characters read as follows: "Ten feet below two million pounds lie buried." But whatever may have been the correct interpretation of the inscription, the fact remains that the above history and description of the stone have never been disputed. The stone is still in Halifax, and has been used in a bookbinder's to beat leather, until every trace of the inscription has been worn away. The curious may see this famous stone at any time by inquiring at Creighton's bookstore in Halifax.

To return to the shaft, however. On a Saturday evening, at a depth of ninety-five feet, the men struck a wooden platform covering the entire shaft. Up to this time no water had been encountered, neither had sand or gravel through which water could possibly percolate been met. On Monday morning, when the men returned to work, the shaft was found to be filled with water within twenty-five feet of the top. Nothing daunted, they went at once to work to bale it out, continuing their task night and day until it proved utterly hopeless.

They then decided to sink a new shaft one hundred and ten feet deep and a little to the east of the old pit (marked No. 1 on the map and always known as the Money Pit), and thence to tunnel under the Money Pit and take the treasure out from below. Work was at once begun on this pit (marked No. 2 on the map) and the proposed depth was reached without meeting any water. But while driving a tunnel in the direction of the Money Pit, the water suddenly burst in and the workmen barely escaped with their lives. This disaster practically ended the operations of this company.

An Important Announcement Concerning

OLD ENGLISH BLACK JACKS

THE Gorham Company desires to direct attention to its extremely novel and original collection of Loving Cups and Tankards, offered under the name of "Old English Blackjacks."

THESE have been designed especially to meet the very wide-spread demand for articles of this nature which shall be as dignified and as decoratively effective, but yet not so costly as though fashioned of solid silver. They are made closely to simulate the Old English "Blackjacks" and "Leathern Bottles," those characteristic drinking utensils of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which are to-day so eagerly sought after by collectors of artistic rarities.

THESE strikingly original examples of an artistic revival are to be found in all sizes from the drinking mug to the imposing Loving Cup, the tall Tankard or the well-proportioned Flaggon. The bodies are of heavy hand-worked leather, the linings of red copper, the mountings, including the shields for monograms, inscriptions or armorial bearings, of sterling silver.

BLACKJACKS are exclusively made by The Gorham Company at very moderate prices, from five dollars upward, and are to be obtained from the important jewelers throughout the country, as well as from the makers.

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FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-SIXTH STREET

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NEW YORK



"Mamma's IMPROVED ACME works so easy, I just love to run it. It's great fun."

The IMPROVED ACME WASHER

is built on the only correct principle for a washing machine. It cleans the clothes by driving the water with terrific force through every fold and fiber, instead of merely churning them around in the water, as in many machines, or rubbing them, as in others. It will wash thoroughly and perfectly clean anything, from the finest piece of lace to the heaviest blanket, without tearing a thread or breaking a button. Even a heavy rug or carpet can be washed in the IMPROVED ACME as easily and thoroughly as a bed sheet. In fact, there is nothing in the way of washing which can be done by hand or with any other machine which cannot be done better, more easily and more rapidly with the IMPROVED ACME Washer.

So easy and simple is its operation that you can sit comfortably in a chair while running it; even a small child can turn out a tubful of clothes in from six to ten minutes by the clock, without any particular exertion. That is due to the "ball-bearing," a circle of sixteen small steel balls resting in a flat steel cup, or collar. On these balls rests the whole weight of the tub, with the result that the machine, even when full of water and clothes, runs as easily and smoothly as a bicycle.

In addition to that, there are on the under side of the tub two powerful coil springs. These do practically all the work of revolving the machine, your part being merely to keep it in motion once it is started.

As a time-saver the IMPROVED ACME is unsurpassed by any machine made. Do not stand over a steaming tub, with your hands almost continually in hot, strong suds, rubbing away your health and strength, during four or five long, weary hours. Let the ACME do your work. It will do it in a third of the time, and do it better, saving you many valuable hours.

Now, it is true there are other machines which, it is claimed, do the same things in almost the same way, but if you will read the following you will find that the IMPROVED ACME is

The MOST PRACTICAL WASHER MADE

In addition to being made of the very best materials throughout, handsomely finished in natural wood, it has a number of special features which are not found on any other machine. There is no other washer like it; there is no other washer "just as good" as the IMPROVED ACME.

1. **THE MOVABLE RINGER STAND** is made of two strong angled-steel uprights, between the upper ends of which is bolted a piece of hard maple board, to which the wringer is to be fastened. The lower ends of these uprights are attached to the framework of the machine. They are movable forward and back, and are firmly held in any position by hand-screws. When the wringer is to be used, loosen the hand-screws, push the stand toward the tub until the angled-steel uprights rest against it on either side, and tighten the screws. (No tools needed.) The position of the wringer is then directly over the tub, where it is rigidly held, and every single drop of water falls back into the tub instead of on the floor. (See illustration below.) When through wringing, push the stand back into place. The whole operation is so perfectly simple that it can be done in less time than it takes to read these lines. The wringer, once attached, need never be taken off again.

2. **THE HINGED LID.** This consists of two parts. The inner, with cleats attached and holes bored through it, technically called the "rubber," serves to hold the clothes in place, adjusting itself to their height. The outer, or actual cover, fits the tub snugly all around, being practically steam-tight and preventing the water from splashing over. When ready to do the wringing or otherwise wanting access to the tub you merely raise this double cover and rest it back against the handle, which allows all suds to drain back into the tub. (See illustration.)

3. **EXTENSION STAND.** This is another of the many advantages of the IMPROVED ACME. When the machine is not in use, or when washing only, this stand is folded up out of the way. (See illustration above.) When ready to wring the clothes into a tub of rinsing water or into the clothes basket, let down the extension stand—just two motions required—and it will hold tub or basket close to and on a level with the machine tub. There is no danger of clothes falling on the floor, no need of an overturned chair or box, and no necessity of continually stooping over.

There are many other points about the IMPROVED ACME which prove it to be in every way superior to any other washer made. For instance, there is no iron post running through our machine, to rust and stain, or possibly tear the clothes. We cannot enumerate all these points here, but have fully set them forth in a booklet entitled "Wash-Day Comfort." This is FREE for the asking. May we send you a copy?

IS THIS A FAIR OFFER?

We want to prove to you the superiority of the IMPROVED ACME Washer, and there is no better way than to let you try it out fully in your own home, right where you'll use it if you buy it—and you will buy it if you give it half a chance to prove its value.

If you will write us that you are interested in the matter, we will arrange with the dealer in your town who handles the IMPROVED ACME Washer to deliver a machine at your house, show you how to run it, and allow you to use it a full month. At the end of that time, if the machine is not in every way satisfactory and as we represent it, he will take it away without your paying him a single cent, or if you have paid him anything he will refund you every penny of your money. He will do this cheerfully and readily, because our guarantee to him protects him against loss. All you risk is a two-cent postage stamp to mail us your letter.

WRITE TO-DAY

—to-morrow it may be forgotten!
WRITE TO-DAY!
—even if you are not just ready to buy or even try a machine; in that case let us send the little booklet—remember, it's FREE!
WRITE TO-DAY!

**ACME
WASHING
MACHINE
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Note (1) how the movable wringer stand brings the wringer over the tub so that no water falls on the floor; (2) the extension stand holds the clothes basket or rinsing tub on a level with the machine-tub; (3) the hinged lid and "rubber" is raised back on the handle, so that every drop of suds drains back into the tub.

THE LURE OF THE PIRATE'S GOLD

(Continued from page 10)

For many years longer the pirate's treasure lay undisturbed at the bottom of the strange shaft, and in the course of time the pits filled up. In 1849, only two of the old "diggers" remained alive—Dr. Lynds of Truro, and Vaughan of Western Shore. When, in that year, another company was formed, these two men were able to furnish much valuable information regarding the old workings. Vaughan quickly located the Money Pit and digging was commenced and proceeded without interruption till a depth of eighty-six feet was reached, when water again put in an appearance and the men were driven out of the pit.

After an unsuccessful attempt at baling out the water, work was suspended and the men returned to their homes. Men were next sent to the island with boring apparatus of a primitive description, such as was once used in prospecting for coal. J. B. McCully, a well-known provincial man, was their director. A platform was rigged in the Money Pit about thirty feet from the surface and just above the water. The boring was begun and a verbatim account from the manager follows:

"The platform was struck at ninety-eight feet, just as the old diggers found it. After going through this platform, which was five inches thick and proved to be spruce, the auger dropped twelve inches and then went through four inches of oak; then it went through twenty-two inches of metal in pieces, but the auger failed to take any of it in except three links, resembling an ancient watch chain. It then went through eight inches of oak, which was thought to be the bottom of the first box and top of the next; then through twenty-two inches of metal, the same as before; then four inches of oak and six inches of spruce, then into clay seven feet without striking anything. In next boring the platform was struck as before at ninety-eight feet; passing through this, the auger fell about eighteen inches, and came in contact with, as supposed, the side of a cask. The flat chisel revolving close to the side of the cask gave it a jerky and irregular motion. On withdrawing the auger several splinters of oak, such as might come from the side of an oak stave, and a small quantity of a brown fibrous substance, closely resembling the husk of a coconut, were brought up. The distance between the upper and lower platforms was found to be six feet."

The Searchers Cease Trying to Bail out the Ocean

Soon afterward another party, with the late James Pitblado as foreman, went to the island to make further investigation, but with practically the same result. It was subsequently reported that Mr. Pitblado had made a valuable discovery while superintending the boring at this time. At any rate, he failed to appear with his report at the meeting of directors, soon after which he made a most determined though unsuccessful attempt to obtain possession of that part of Oak Island where the treasure is believed to be located. About this time, however, Mr. Pitblado was accidentally killed in a gold mine and his secret died with him.

In the summer of 1850 a new shaft (No. 3) one hundred and nine feet deep was sunk on the west of the Money Pit, and about ten feet distant from it. This shaft was through the hardest kind of red clay, and from its bottom a tunnel was driven in the direction of the Money Pit. Again the water burst in, the workmen fled for their lives, and in twenty minutes there was forty-five feet of water in the new pit. The object in sinking this shaft was to increase the baling facilities, for two-horse gins, and they baled day and night for a week, but all in vain. About this time they discovered that the water was salt, and that it rose and fell in both shafts about eighteen inches, corresponding with the tides. It was extremely improbable that the flow of water came through a natural channel, and if not through a natural, it must be through an artificial one, having its inlet somewhere on the shore. Had the water entered the Money Pit through a natural channel, the original diggers (presumably pirates) must have struck it, and the workmen would certainly have been driven from the pit by the great flow of water. That this was not the case we have ample proof in the fact that the wooden platforms were carefully placed in position and the shaft carefully filled up, with marks placed at every ten feet.

Acting on this theory, a search was at once begun to find the inlet. Smith's Cove, where the ring-bolt had been found in the rock, was first examined, because of its natural advantages as a starting-point for work of this kind, and because, at low tide, water was always noticed running out of the sand near the centre of this cove. A few minutes' shoveling proved beyond a doubt that they had struck the spot for which they were searching. After removing the sand and gravel from the beach, they came to a covering or bed of a brown, fibrous plant resembling the husk of a coconut. Though it had lain there perhaps two hundred years, this substance was in a remarkable state of preservation, and coincided exactly with the fibre taken from the Money Pit. This covering extended along the shore line nearly one hundred and fifty feet, from low to high water mark, and two or three inches in thickness. Beneath this and to the same extent were four or five inches of decayed eel-grass, and under this again a compact mass of beach-rocks free from sand or gravel.

They Find Startling Evidence of a Subterranean Tunnel

To remove these rocks and make further investigation it was necessary that the tide should be kept back. Accordingly a coffer-dam was built around part of the Cove, including the boundaries just described. The rocks nearest low water being next removed, it was found that the clay (which, with the sand and gravel, was the original formation of the beach) had been dug out and removed, and replaced by beach-rocks. On the bottom of this excavation were laid five well-constructed drains (as shown on the map) formed by laying parallel lines of rocks about eight inches apart and covering the same with flat stones. The drains stretched out like the sticks of a fan from a common centre at the back of the excavation. With the exception of these drains the rocks had evidently been filled in promiscuously. But when about half these rocks had been removed, an unusually high tide overflowed the top of the dam, and, as it had not been constructed to resist pressure from the inside, when the tide receded it was carried away. To rebuild it would cost a lot of money. There could be no reasonable doubt that the place I have tried to describe was the outwork and starting point of a tunnel by which water was conveyed to the Money Pit.

So it was decided to abandon the work on the shore and sink a shaft a short distance inland in order to strike the tunnel, which they calculated would be almost twenty-five feet below the surface. It was their intention to drive spiles through and stop the further passage of the water. A spot was selected and a shaft (No. 4) was sunk to a depth of seventy-five feet, through exactly the same clay formation as in the other pits, and without meeting any water. Realizing that they must have passed the tunnel, work was stopped in this pit and, a more careful survey having been made, another pit (No. 5) was sunk twelve feet south of the one just abandoned. At a depth of thirty-five feet, a large boulder lying in the bottom of the shaft was pried up, and immediately a rush of water followed, filling the pit in a few minutes to tide level. An effort was then made to carry out their original plan of driving spiles, but as the appliances at their command were of the most primitive description, the effort was a failure. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that striking water in this pit at thirty-five feet, while in the other shaft seventy-five feet deep

THE LURE OF THE PIRATE'S GOLD

(Continued from page 20)

and only twelve feet distant no water was found, proves beyond a doubt that the theory of the tunnel was correct.

Work was next begun on the south side of the Money Pit. Here the company sank a shaft of one hundred and eighteen feet, and so close to the Money Pit and shafts Nos. 2 and 3 that a circle fifty feet in diameter would have included all four. This new shaft went eight feet deeper than had previously been reached, and the same conditions prevailed as in the other. A tunnel was driven toward and reached a point almost directly under the Money Pit. At twelve o'clock the workmen went to dinner. While seated at this meal, a tremendous crash was heard from the direction of the work. Rushing back to the shaft, they found that the bottom of the Money Pit had fallen into the tunnel they had but a short time vacated, and that the new shaft was fast filling with water. Twelve feet of soft mud had been driven by the force of the water from the old to the new shaft. When the men made an attempt to clear out the pit and tunnel to the west, they found an oak plank with an auger-hole in it, a piece of juniper with bark on, cut at each end with some edged tool, a stick cut out to allow a plank to rest on it, and a quantity of oak chips and manila grass. (A man of my acquaintance has a walking-cane made from a portion of the oak plank mentioned above.) When the men had worked at this pit a short time, suddenly there came another rush of clay from the Money Pit. Persons standing at the mouth of the Treasure Pit saw the bottom sink a number of feet; the cribbing gave way from below and caved in.

In 1863 another effort was made to overcome the water and secure the long-sought treasure. On this occasion a powerful engine and pump were brought to the island. The engine was placed in position with the pump in No. 6 shaft, the object being to clear out this pit and the connecting tunnel and thus find the treasure where it had fallen when the cave-in occurred.

The Search is Abandoned for Forty Years

About this time the men refused to go on with the underground work, claiming that the shaft was in danger of caving in. Expert examination having been made, the shaft was condemned, the pump was withdrawn, and work was suspended.

An attempt was also made to check the flow of water by dumping on the beach in Smith's Cove the clay that had been taken from the shaft, and in half an hour from the time that the beach had been stirred up by teams unloading the clay the water came up muddy in the shaft. The flow of water was also decreased. Why they did not persist in this endeavor to stop the inlet of the tunnel I can not understand, for they afterward spent money enough to have filled Smith's Cove from shore to shore. After most heroic efforts to bail out the ocean by way of No. 7 shaft, the Halifax men took up their pump and returned to the city.

Nearly forty years passed away. The old pits were filled up once more in the course of time, the grass grew green above the pirate's treasure, and the ancient oaks preserved a dignified silence concerning the scenes enacted beneath their shade centuries before. Some few members of the old company were still living. These cherished an absolute faith in the existence of the treasure, so that when in 1896 another company was organized, they with one accord hastened to become shareholders. The names of Adams Tupper, S. C. Fraser, Robert Creelman, T. P. Putnam, and many others, are inseparably connected with the later history of Oak Island. The new company had a capital of sixty thousand dollars, and secured a lease of the whole eastern portion of the island, and also the absolute right to all that might be discovered thereon. The stockholders believed that it would be an easy matter to pump out the Money Pit and explore it to its most remote corner. Modern science, with its latest appliances, was about to cut off the flow of water through the tunnel at some point near the shore before attempting to clear the water from the Money Pit.

A commodious cook-house and an office were built under the oak trees, and a large force of workmen was hired. A steam engine, powerful pumps, and other necessary apparatus were brought to the island. Shaft No. 12 was sunk in an ineffectual attempt to strike the pirate's tunnel; it was one hundred and thirty-six feet deep and fresh water. No. 13 was one hundred and forty-five feet deep and also fresh water. While the men were working in No. 14 shaft, at a depth of ninety-six feet, the water broke in from the Money Pit and the shaft caved in. In No. 15 very little water was met until a depth of one hundred and sixty feet was reached, when a rush of salt water ensued and the men barely escaped with their lives. So this pit also was lost, together with the pumps which were in it. In No. 16 salt water appeared at one hundred and forty-eight feet. Nos. 17, 18, and 19 were sunk only from eighty to ninety feet, for water flooded them from the old workings of the Halifax company. These last six shafts were sunk in an attempt to get sufficiently below the Money Pit to use the former as a pumping pit to drain the water from the latter. They planned to run a tunnel for this purpose to the bottom of the Money Pit. They had found it impossible to work in the Money Pit while pumping in it, for the water was so sandy that the pumps were cut out in a couple of days.

A New Company is about to Begin Further Search

While sinking No. 13 shaft a fatal accident occurred. A workman was being hoisted from the shaft in a "bucket," when the rope slipped over the whim, causing the bucket to fall some twenty feet. The man was jerked from the bucket and fell to the bottom of the shaft. His neck was broken and death must have been instantaneous.

The shafts 21, 22, 23, and 24 were sunk nearer the shore and varied in depth from thirty-five to fifty feet, and tunnels were run in all directions in an attempt to locate the pirate's tunnel. Between these pits and the beach they endeavored to close up the passageway to the sea by boring deep holes and loading them with dynamite. Hundreds of pounds of the explosive were used at this point.

Pit No. 4 was again opened and sunk to a depth of ninety-seven feet. While excavating in a southerly direction, the workmen came upon an old tunnel running in the direction of the Money Pit. The cribbing in this tunnel was in as good condition as when it was placed there so many years ago. They walked along this tunnel for some little distance and passed the mouths of several smaller cross tunnels diverging alternately to the right and left.

But just at this point, when prospect of success seemed brightest, it was found that the funds of the company were exhausted. Reluctantly the island was abandoned.

Now, in the year of grace 1905, a final and persistent search is about to be made. Early this spring an adventurous spirit, bent on exploring the old workings, was rewarded by the discovery of a gold coin of Spanish workmanship and a small portion of a square-linked chain.

So to-day, after many years of failure, the interest in the recovery of the treasure is greater, and a larger number of men will be employed than ever before. Some of the members of the last company have gone to a country where the pirate's gold is of no interest, but the survivors are busy tumbling over each other to purchase stock in the new organization. Of the final result they have no shadow of doubt.

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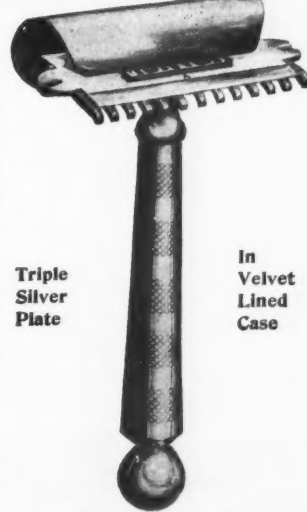
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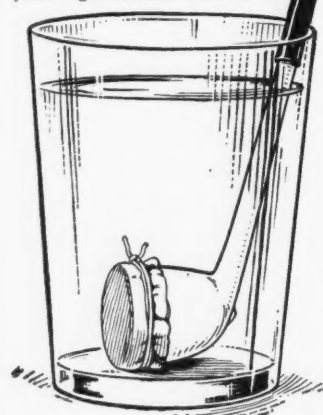
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It seemed so simple to turn Calcium Carbide into Gas-light that over 600 different kinds of "tanks" and "Acetylene Machines" were invented, patented, and marketed for the purpose, by about as many different people.

Well, the thing to be expected certainly happened!

About 530 of these "Acetylene Machines" had been invented and sold by people who knew more about Tinware than they did about Gas-making.

The "Calcium Carbide" was all right all the time, but 530 of the machines for turning it into Gas were all wrong all the time.

So Acetylene Gas "got a bad name," though it is clear enough now that it never deserved it at any time.

It was like selling Wood Stoves to burn Hard Coal in, and then blaming the Coal for not burning.

Lots of things happened to grieve the Owners of these 530 makes of alleged "Acetylene Machines."

But very few accidents occurred from them even in the days of rank experiment and dense ignorance, among "Generator" Makers.

Of course, a gun will go off unexpectedly, now and then, if the trigger be pulled by a person who "didn't know it was loaded."

But, that's no fault of the Ammunition—is it?

Well, finally the Insurance Companies got after these 530 odd makes of "Acetylene Machines" that wouldn't Acetylate, and the Insurance Board made an investigation of all Generators that were submitted to them.

Then, out of the 600 odd "Machines" patented, only about 70 were "permitted" by the Insurance Board to be used.

Oh, what a howl was there! By "permitted" I mean that the Insurance Board was willing that any building should be insured, without extra charge, which used any one of these 70 Acetylene Generators it had found safe, and effective, just as it permitted houses to be piped for City Gas, or wired for Electricity, under proper conditions.

Now, the Insurance Companies ought to know whether or not these 70

different makes of Acetylene Generators were absolutely safe to use.

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And, here's a proof of their good judgment.

Though there are now Two Million people using Acetylene Light in America, there have only been four Fires from it in one year, against 8865 Fires from Kerosene and Gasoline.

There have also been 4691 Fires from Electricity, 1707 Fires from City Gas, and 520 Fires from Candles. Besides these there have been 26 Fires from the Sun's rays, But, only four Fires from Acetylene.

That shows how careful the Insurance Board was in its examination of Acetylene Generators, and in "permitting" only the 70 makes that were above suspicion, out of the 600 experiments that were once on the market.

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That's a tremendous difference in a life-time, mark you—three-fourths of a difference.

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And every bit of Oxygen stolen from the lungs of Women, Children and Men, through Lighting, is a loss that can never be made good again.

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THE PEACE THAT DOES NOT SATISFY

By PAUL SAMUEL REINSCH, Ph.D.

Professor Reinsch, who occupies the chair of Political Science at the University of Wisconsin, is recognized as one of the foremost authorities in America on Oriental Politics. His books on Colonial Government and Colonial Administration have been translated into Japanese and widely used by Japanese students, and his "World Politics at the End of the Nineteenth Century as Influenced by the Oriental Situation" has been generally accepted as the most comprehensive and intimate interpretation of Japan's significant policy of expansion.

PEACE has been made and the honor of Russia vindicated. We certainly need a new definition of honor. A government breaks its solemn promises, shows the most scandalous corruption and incompetence in warfare, suffers ignominious defeat, suppresses every movement toward national freedom at home, and when called upon by a victorious enemy to make good some of the damage done, pleads the maintenance of its "honor" as an excuse. Why she was successful, why Japan after an uninterrupted line of brilliant victories was forced to accept an inconclusive peace, will be a fine problem for the future historian to solve. But while we can not know the details of the mechanism that was put in operation to effect this end, the general outline of the situation must, upon careful analysis, be tolerably clear. Japan, supremely victorious in war, has been defeated in diplomacy through the shrewdness of her enemies and the apathy of her friends.

The situation in 1895, when Japan was deprived of the fruits of her victory over China, has been repeated. This is not due to the superior diplomatic tact of M. de Witte, able as he is, but to the fact that Russia was helped by her friends, while Japan was practically abandoned by hers. Japan, in the course of brilliant naval and military success, but when she has not as yet driven the Russians entirely out of Manchuria, is suddenly stopped by the appeal of President Roosevelt and persuaded by her ally to negotiate. This put every advantage in the hands of her enemy, who gained time and who was given a chance to use her consummate diplomatic cunning.

Russia Will Sow Trouble Again

The peace terms proposed were moderate in the extreme. Russia was asked to disgorge what she had acquired against her own solemn promise, was even left the control of the northern Manchurian railway, with all that implies, and was asked to pay an indemnity. Defeated at every point, with a demoralized army, with a ruined credit, with revolution at home, she would have had no alternative but to accept, had her hands not been strengthened from without. The German Government saw a supreme opportunity. By backing Russia at this juncture, Germany would prevent her total discomfiture in the Far East, and her consequent recoil upon Europe, she would enable the Czar to stifle the nascent revolution which might ultimately threaten the German throne itself, but, first of all, she would become arbiter of Europe and would be able to receive from Russia concessions of the very greatest value. From the point of view of the German Government, it would have been the greatest folly to allow such an opportunity to pass by, and we may be sure the Emperor has made the fullest use of it. And as France gave in after the Moroccan manifestation, so has Great Britain been outwitted by the great War Lord. The result caps the climax in a decade of unprecedented diplomatic incompetence on the part of the British Government.

Poor Japan has been made to pay doubly for the "moral and financial support" of her friends. It is not so much the loss of the indemnity that rankles, and that is causing her brave soldiers to commit suicide, but the fact that after all the sacrifices of blood and treasure, Russia, while for a time excluded from China, is left every opportunity to interfere again and to sow trouble for Japan.

Never were brilliant victories more poorly rewarded, for while the Japanese have gained Port Arthur and the protectorate over Korea, Russia retains her railway with the accompanying treaty rights over all but the southernmost part of Manchuria. When we consider that her ascendancy in Mongolia has not been touched at all by this treaty, that she will have railway control to within two hundred miles of Port Arthur through Manchuria, and within two hundred miles of Peking through Mongolia, we will understand that she has by no means given up the rivalry for influence in China. It is therefore to be feared that with all the bravery and success of the Japanese in war, and with all their sacrifices in diplomacy, they have after all not achieved a lasting peace. Had they been allowed to complete their Manchurian campaign, and to drive the demoralized army of Linovich entirely out of Chinese dominions, they might have been able to settle matters on a more permanent basis. But invited to a peace conference by the Power whose friendship is considered essential by Japan, her statesmen could not refuse. Then Russia's opportunity had come, and backed up by the active encouragement of her friends, she won the victory which re-establishes her prestige in the Orient, and gives the autocracy the power to stifle the liberal movement at home. Meanwhile, the British Foreign Office, believing, perhaps, that nothing could go wrong after such victories, was inactive; the American Government was forced, by the very fact of being responsible for the success of the Peace Conference, to urge moderation upon Japan; and the American press, an easy victim to the diplomatic smoothness of M. de Witte, was apathetic or even hostile. It is not a matter of surprise that under such circumstances the Elder Statesmen of Tokio concluded that even if they could win still greater victories through the continuance of the war, diplomacy would again turn them into defeat, given the intense suspicion of the Continental Powers toward all the motives of Japan. With a clear perception of this situation, they magnanimously forbore to haggle about minor advantages, but freely gave in, and accepted the peace that is breaking the heart of the Japanese nation.

We Have Aided the Enemies of Our Friends

So while we may rejoice in peace and in the prominence into which its achievement has placed our President, we can not avoid the bitter thought that Berlin and St. Petersburg have won a decided victory over London and Washington, and that we have been aiding the enemies of our friends. For it is the Grand Dukes who rejoice at the peace as concluded, it is reaction and ruse that has won the victory. And what shall we say of Great Britain, trembling before possible European complications, nervous for her Indian boundaries? Truly, by failing to support her ally as Germany supported Russia, she has given formal proof of her incapacity to maintain the proud position of her past history. Thus, Japan has again conquered her enemy, but has been defeated by the inertness of her friends, by their failure to understand what was going on. But, no matter how great the diplomatic defeat, the achievements of Japan can not be obscured thereby, and the whole situation in Asia is nevertheless changed in consequence of her victories.

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It isn't what you used to be, it's what you are today that makes you what you're going to be tomorrow.

You who mean to get ahead **then**, are going ahead **now**.

There's just as many letters in the word **present** as there are in the word **success**—the magic seven. Tomorrow is too late, one over the line—eight.

"Tomorrow-men," "after-a-whilers"—they are they to whom the Sheldon School of Scientific Salesmanship means nothing. We have no students in the land of "Pretty-Soon."

You are going to decide **now** your future as a salesman; if you are an employer you are going to decide now what you are going to do to make your salesmen better.

Decision is the condition precedent to success.

You owe it to yourself to be better, bigger, stronger, abler. Sheldon's Course in Scientific Salesmanship will multiply your selling ability 100%; if you are in business it will make your salesmen sell 100% more goods.

It gives the man on the road the mastery of the principles which underlie sales-success. You are in debt to your salesmen; you owe it to them to increase their effectiveness, to help them to help you. They are in debt to you to do the best they can.

We have advertising booklets that we are sending out that tell all about The Sheldon School—what it has done for the greatest commercial houses in the country—what the Sheldon Course does for the man on the road—for you out there on the firing line; for you out there on the selling end of your business campaign.

You—the salesman—determined to make more sales next year than this—more this than last—you need this **Correspondence Course**.

You—the employer—who expect your salesmen to lead the trade—both of you, each of you are doubly duty-bound to find out what The Sheldon School is, and what it is doing to make men win.

Your address will bring the descriptive booklets; they're well worth sending for; you ought to have them.

The Sheldon School
(1596) The Republic, Chicago



Time and Patience
in the production of

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is what develops its superior quality, ripe age and purity. Its exquisite flavor is a natural result.

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Is the finest, most artistic and probably the most costly calendar to be issued for the coming year.

It consists of four beautiful paintings by Maud Humphrey, the celebrated artist, representing "The Four Seasons."

The subjects—dainty, ethereal figures—are placed in graceful ovals, surrounded by decorative borders designed by C. A. Etherington, a pupil of Mucha, Paris, the greatest living decorative artist.

These panels are devoid of any advertising matter.

The fifth or calendar panel containing the months for 1906 is a beautiful design, representing a maid bearing a tray with a bottle of Malt-Nutrine.

Each leaf is 24x10 inches, beautifully lithographed in twelve colors and gold, and bound with a silken cord.

This art calendar will be sent to any address upon receipt of twenty-five cents sent to the Malt-Nutrine Department, Anheuser-Busch Brewing Assn., St. Louis, U.S.A.

Malt-Nutrine The most nourishing liquid food—most grateful to the weakened stomach. A necessity to nursing mothers, weak or growing children. It creates appetite and gives health to the weak and ailing. Sold by druggists and grocers.

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Owing to the great enthusiasm of art connoisseurs over the August cover of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE, which has been conceded to be one of the most attractive drawings of the season, we have made up a limited number of copies of this art study on fine plate paper, in colors, with no printing whatever on the picture, and mounted same on heavy paneled mat



board, ready for framing or *pass-partouting*, and will send the picture to any address on receipt of only Fifty Cents for a three months' subscription to AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE. The regular price of the three copies of the magazine is 45 cents—the extra nickel merely pays the cost of mailing the picture. All who appreciate a work of art should send at once for this study by Florence England Nosworthy, as it is a picture that pleases every eye and is an adornment to any room. The size of picture, including mat, is 9 3/4 x 12 1/2 inches.

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THE UNITED STATES *vs.* THE UNITED RAILWAYS

By JAMES L. COWLES, Secretary of the Postal Progress League

ON the 12th of January, 1903, the Hon. Charles A. Prouty, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, wrote me: "I have been attempting for several years to emphasize your idea that the present system of making railway rates is taxation without representation in its most dangerous form." On the 8th of December, 1900, the editor of the "Railway Review" of Chicago said of this system:

"Of all the unscientific things in the world, railroad rate-making takes precedence. The whole scheme, so far as yet developed, is the veriest jumble of guesswork, opinions, prejudices, and self-interests that could be imagined, and it is constantly changing."

The amount of the taxation thus imposed upon the American public in the year ending June 30, 1904, was over \$1,966,000,000, and the determination of this fearful tax is being rapidly concentrated in fewer and fewer hands.

Our entire transport system, land, lake, sea, and river, is now under the practical control of a half-dozen corporations whose community of interest makes them in effect, if not in form, the United Transport Company of North America.

"It requires but a slight stretch of the imagination," says the editor of the "Railway Review," "to discern in the not distant future a system of transportation controlled by a single organization that shall encircle the globe. To that end events are now working."

Economies in the Cost of Service

This extension and consolidation of transport services is accompanied by the substitution of steel cars for wooden cars, by ever-increasing carloads and trainloads, by the elimination of curves and of grades, by the removal of grade crossings (largely at the public expense), and recently by the substitution of the electric motor and the gasoline car for the steam locomotive. These economies in the cost of the service rendered are, however, as a rule, accompanied by an increase rather than a decrease in transport taxes. The railways of the United States celebrated the opening of the twentieth century by changes in freight classification that increased railway charges in many cases over forty per cent. Icing charges have been advanced in recent years from fifty to one hundred and fifty per cent.

In the evolution of the Post-Office we find an object-lesson of infinite value in the solution of the railway rate problem.

From the foundation of our national Government, Congress has stood between the citizen and the transport manager as to the transportation of letters and newspapers, saying to the one, "We will determine your tax," to the other, "We will determine your contract."

In 1863, the first Congress that represented an entirely free nation adopted the *cost-of-the-service* rates regardless of distance as the future standard for the determination of postal taxes, and thus guaranteed equality of postal privileges to all places as well as to all persons in the Republic. The Congress of 1863 also introduced the postal transport of a few specific articles of merchandise in eight-ounce parcels.

In 1874 the service was extended to general merchandise in parcels up to four pounds at the rate of one cent for each two ounces, eight cents a pound, one-half the present rate. The year 1874 also saw the birth of the International Letter Post Union, under which international letters are carried one mile or twenty-five thousand miles at the common rate, five cents per half ounce.

In 1885, Congress provided that publishers' merchandise—newspapers and magazines—should be transported from post-office to post-office throughout the country on the payment of a uniform tax of one cent a pound, this in parcels unlimited by law either as to bulk or weight, and limited in practice only by the conventional mail sack, one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds. And where free delivery is established—save, curiously enough, in the cities of publication—this rate secures the distribution of this merchandise at the doors of regular customers in parcels up to four pounds. To-day this uniform cent-a-pound tax carries this merchandise throughout all North America, the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, Cuba, Porto Rico, and to Shanghai, China.

Under this uniform system of taxation there can be no discrimination between individuals or between places. The smallest newsboy receives the same treatment at the hands of the Post-Office as the largest news company.

And the application by Congress of the greatest good to the greatest number principle to the transport tax on publishers' merchandise extends its benefits far beyond the field of the Post-Office. As a result of it, American express companies carry this merchandise in parcels of ten pounds and over, from door to door, anywhere on their lines within the two great zones into which the continent is divided by the Ohio-Pennsylvania State Line, at the rate of ten cents on a ten-pound parcel from the door of the publisher in Cleveland to the door of the customer in Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, or San Francisco.

The Railways Seem to Get Their Share

Are not these facts suggestive? Congress stands to-day between the public and the different transport corporations, determining the transport tax on hundreds of thousands of tons of merchandise and the transport contract for the use of scores of thousands of transport vehicles. The amount paid to the railways alone, in 1903, was over \$41,000,000—over eight per cent of the entire tax paid by the public for the use of the passenger trains of the country.

Is it not the plain duty of Congress, representing the citizens en masse, to stand between the individual citizen and our great transport corporations, and to determine all public transport taxes and all public transport contracts? Is not this the logical, the practical method of solving the railway rate problem?

As long ago as 1863 Congress applied the *cost-of-the-service* standard to the determination of postal taxes. Vice-President Clough of the Great Northern Railway suggests the application of the same standard to the determination of transport contracts. "Abandon the 'weight' standard and adopt the 'space' standard in determining railway mail pay," said Mr. Clough. "What costs in the performance of the mail service is not the weight of the mail hauled, but the car-space afforded. The expense of running a passenger train or a car in a passenger train is almost the same whether it be full or empty. What costs the company is car-space flying through the air, and this space costs nearly the same regardless of how it is occupied."

With contracts made by Congress for the use of transport equipment, so much per mile per vehicle, whether full or empty, and with rates determined by Congress, so much per trip per passenger, so much per haul per parcel limited in bulk or weight only by the capacity of a freight car, so much for all commodities furnished the same car service, one rate for open cars, one rate for closed cars, etc., discriminations will disappear, transport rates will tend to decrease as the cost of the service diminishes, the public and the railways will be dealt with on the basis of "the square deal," and we shall have taken a long step toward the final solution of our transport problem.

Macbeth Chimneys

Of every size and shape, for every size and make of lamp—MACBETH chimneys.

No matter what lamp you have, there is a MACBETH chimney made for it—made to fit it, and moreover, MACBETH's chimney will make the lamp do better. But get the chimney for *your lamp*—I make it and it has my name on it.

My Index explains all these things fully and interestingly; tells how to care for lamps. It's free—let me send it to you. Address

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BAILEY'S PETITE COMPLEXION BRUSH

Ideal for Bathing the Face, Neck and Hands. It cleanses the skin of oil and dirt, improves the circulation, builds up the muscles and smooths out the wrinkles. Ideal for softening the beard before shaving. Price mailed, 25 cents. Accept no others. Beware of imitations.

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Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. No. 1, 25c; No. 2, 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.

At dealers or sent on receipt of price. Agents wanted. C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., BOSTON, MASS.



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Send me your name and address and I will send you by return mail, postpaid, free (nothing for you to pay) one of my latest new secret process, beautiful colored stereoscopic views. I will also send you my new price list of stereoscopes and views of all kinds, war views, scenery, famous places, St. Louis Fair views, Bible scenes, comic views, funny scenes, etc., all wonderful offers that will delight you. ROBERTS SPECIALTY CO., BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO



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LEPAGE'S PHOTO PASTE. IN JARS AND TUBES. For photo or general use. Dries quickly—never discolors print. Very strong—corrosives will not curl. Largest bottle now sold for 5c. (by mail, 10c.) In bulk for large users, custom work, etc. LEPAGE'S MUCILAGE. 5 oz. size retails 5c.; by mail, 10c. LEPAGE'S GLUE—1 oz. 10c.; 1 lb. by mail 10c.; bot. or tub. RUSSIA CEMENT CO. 130 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.

The Whipple School of Art

900 Sixth Ave. (Cor. 51st St.) Drawing and painting from life, still life, and the cast. Illustration. Composition. Mr. CHARLES AYER WHIPPLE, Teacher of Life Classes. Mr. HOWARD CHANDLER CHERRY, Teacher of Illustration.



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Try them. You will be well repaid in sending for these most famous of all toilet preparations.

ED. PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE HAIR TONIC has maintained its supremacy over all imitations more than 100 years and its sales are constantly increasing. It removes dandruff and cleanses the scalp. It improves and beautifies the hair. Though stimulating the scalp and hair, it never injures them. Its delightful odor makes its use a daily pleasure rather than a duty.

A single drop of ED. PINAUD'S PERFUME is more lasting than many times its bulk in common imitations.

ED. PINAUD'S ELIXIR DENTIFRICE requires but one trial to make a new friend in you. We guarantee its superior quality and entire freedom from every injurious ingredient.

FREE ED. PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE HAIR TONIC for three applications; enough exquisite perfume for five times, and famous ELIXIR DENTIFRICE for five times. Send 10c. to pay postage and packing.

WRITE TO-DAY

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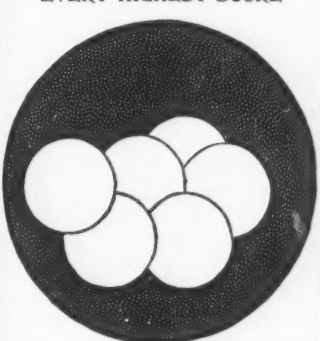
Is marked. In the Grand Tournament held at Bisley, England, July, '05, where the world's expert revolver shots met, the COLT REVOLVER won the

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WHITEHEAD CHALLENGE CUP

and made

EVERY HIGHEST SCORE



Actual size target—the only black possible made at this meet—distance 20 yards.

Catalog "Revolvers," showing models used, mailed on application.

Colt's Patent Firearms Manuf'g Co.

HARTFORD, CONN.

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If yours are not so, they will appear straight and trim if you wear our Pneumatic or Cushion Rubber Form. Adjusted instantly. Impossible to detect, easy as a garter. Highly recommended by army and navy officers, actors, tailors, physicians and men of fashion. Write for photo-illustrated book and testimonials, mailed under plain letter sent. THE ALISON CO., Dept. T, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Easy Payments—\$37.50 and \$50

Buys a high-grade factory rebuilt typewriter. Easy running, speedy and durable. Best low priced machine ever offered. Fully guaranteed. Money back if not satisfactory. Full information for the asking—ask now.

ARITHMOGRAPH COMPANY 154 Ross Street Chicago



150 MAGIC TRICKS 10c

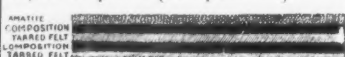
For 10 cents we will send you by return mail 150 Magic Tricks with cards, ribbons, rings, coins, etc., all so clearly explained and illustrated that with only a little practice you can easily perform them and be as great a magician as Houdini or Kellar. No other means of entertaining is so effective, yet it is easy to learn. We guarantee success. Big Catalog of 1000 other tricks sent free with each order. Get these tricks and be popular with your friends. S. DRAKE, Dept. 947, 510 Jackson St., Chicago



Compare the Evidence

The best way to be convinced of the value of AMATITE Ready Roofing without an actual trial, is to send for a Sample (which we gladly furnish free of charge). At the same time get samples of all the other ready roofings that you see advertised. Then compare the evidence.

Right at the beginning you will see this difference,—AMATITE relies on pitch to resist the penetration of water. Observe, in the accompanying diagram of an AMATITE cross-section, the two layers of pitch (composition).



Some of the other manufacturers say nothing about what they use. They leave you to guess what their roofing is made of. If they told, you probably wouldn't use the stuff at any price.

Some manufacturers use Trinidad Asphalt.

Trinidad Asphalt actually disintegrates under the action of water.

But pitch is not soluble in water. Even stone dissolves in water, but pitch won't. It has been used wherever water was to be resisted, for years. Water is absolutely powerless against it. All large and important buildings are now-a-days water-proofed with pitch. Don't therefore, select your roofing by the looks of a sample



Amatite on a small factory

that has never been exposed to the weather. Find out what it is made of, whether its materials are the kind that really resist water. Then you will select AMATITE the only ready-roofing that's full of Pitch.

Other reasons why AMATITE Roofing is superior to any other Ready Roofing in the market are the facts that it has a mineral surface—which never has to be coated or painted; that it is low in price, easy to lay and absolutely wind, water, and weather-proof.

Our Booklet, "How is your Roof," which we send with the Sample, free for the asking, is a most interesting treatise on Ready Roofing. Write to the nearest office and it will be sent you at once. Barrett Manufacturing Company, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Kansas City, New Orleans, Allegheny or Minneapolis.

Editorial Bulletin

New York, Saturday, September Twenty-third, Nineteen Hundred and Five

WE have felt for a long time that there ought to be a corner in some part of the paper where our readers could look each week to find some information about the next issue, some announcement of forthcoming features, some talk of the Editor's plans, and perhaps some gossip about the writers and artists whose best work goes to make the successive issues of COLLIER'S. During the past year we have intermittently devoted a column to the Editorial Bulletin. But, more often, if there has been a long story that needed a lot of space to wind out its narrative; or war correspondence from the Far East that trailed itself beyond the space allotted to it in the main portion of the paper; or some topic of minor importance that was too good to leave out (yet for which we could find no other space), we have too often sacrificed our own talk, which we meant to put into this last column of the number. We are now convinced, however, that this "talk" is an item of the Weekly's make-up that our readers really want to have, and that we really want to contribute. We have therefore determined to devote this space every week—this column on the last page of the paper—to the telling of our plans and schemes; to the announcement of articles that are being prepared, of topics under investigation, of stories and poems and pictures that have been secured—in fact, to an intimate confidence with our readers which we trust they will enjoy and which we believe to be their due.

WE realize this all the more just at this moment, because of the many features of interest and importance in preparation for publication during the coming months. At no time in the history of COLLIER'S have the various departments of the paper been so evenly balanced and so well provided for as they are at present. This has not come as a piece of luck, but as the result of preparations which we have been making for many months, and which are now so well completed that we look confidently forward to being able to make every number of COLLIER'S a good number and a strong number—each issue containing some feature of especial interest or value, at the same time maintaining an even excellence in art, editorials, special articles, and fiction.

OF our fiction we shall say more in this corner some other week. We are much encouraged by the results of our new contest, the first quarter of which ended September 1. The quality of the stories submitted has been excellent, and the manuscripts accepted (out of nearly four thousand received) average higher in craftsmanship and story-interest than the tales we purchased from the contributions to the \$5,000 prize competition of last year. The newly accepted stories are now in the hands of the judges, and the name of the winner of the \$1,000 prize will be announced as soon as the award is made.

IN next week's Bulletin, we shall have something to say about two important series of articles that are to appear in the Autumn Numbers. One of these we have already announced—that relating to Patent Medicines, and the criminal alliance with them of the newspapers. The title of this patent-medicine series is "The Great American Fraud." Mr. Samuel H. Adams, who is already known to our readers as a careful and thorough investigator, is the writer. He has been at work on his subject for several months, and the facts he has gathered are startling. He says in his opening paragraph: "Fraud, exploited by the skillful of advertising bunco men, is the basis of the trade." The original purpose of these articles was not an attack or an exposure, but, as Mr. Adams writes, "the honest attempt to separate the sheep from the goats develops a lamentable lack of qualified candidates for the sheepfold. External remedies there may be which are at once honest in their claims and effective for their purposes; they are not to be found among the much advertised ointments or applications which fill the public prints. Pond's Extract, one would naturally suppose, could afford to restrict itself to decent methods, but in the recent epidemic scare in New York it traded upon the public alarm by putting forth huge 'display' advertisements headed 'Meningitis,' a disease in which witch-hazel is about as effective as molasses." The introductory article of "The Great American Fraud" series will appear in COLLIER'S for October 7. Then will follow, probably in successive issues, "Peruna, and the Bracers," and "Liquozone." Announcement of additional articles will be made later.

THE other series of articles is by Mr. Samuel E. Moffett. He will compare certain conditions in American cities with those of the great centres of Europe. Mr. Moffett made a trip to Europe last Summer especially to secure material for this purpose, and he will show how, in some respects, our treatment of civic art, tenements, slaughter-houses and other municipal conditions might be improved by observing the examples set in London, Paris and Berlin. All of these capitals have certain points on which they can teach us useful lessons, and a number of these will be described. The articles will be fully illustrated with photographs.

IN the present issue is printed the fourth article in Mr. Arthur Ruhl's series, "Pioneers of the Dry Places." It deals with the agricultural wealth and fertility of California, which the author designates as a perfect example of the "finished product" of irrigation as irrigation is now being carried on in the Southwest, and as he has been describing it in the earlier articles of this series. Mr. Ruhl spent many weeks traveling over the territory he describes and studying the irrigation problems and enterprises which are now being solved and completed by the Government engineers out in the Dry Places. This building of dams and turning of rivers, involving an expenditure of millions of dollars, is an undertaking the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated. What it means to the West is inconceivable to the man who dwells in the East. But Mr. Ruhl has grasped the significance of it all, and he tells of the wonders that are being wrought by the water in the desert—and there are no "dry places" in his narrative.

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By the Famous Loftis System you can select from our Catalog, the Diamond, Watch, Jewelry which you wish to see. We send the article on approval to your residence, place of business or express office as preferred, so you can examine it thoroughly. We deliver our goods anywhere in the United States. The Loftis System won the Gold Medal, the highest award at St. Louis Exposition.

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SQUABS
are money-makers. Ready for market when four weeks old. A pair of Brooders produces from 8 to 10 pair every year. Each pair can be sold for 50 to 80 cents. Our House produces the finest squabs in this country. They require little attention. Send for information and prices.

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ORNAMENTAL FENCE
25 designs, all steel. Handsome, durable. —Cheaper than a wood fence. Special inducements to church and societies. Catalogue free.

KOKOMO FENCE MACHINE CO.
463 North St. Kokomo, Indiana

EAT SQUABS and when you buy them ask for Plymouth Rock squabs, which are the largest and best. Brood high prices. We were the first; our famous Plymouth Rock straight big Homers and our breeding methods revolutionized the industry. Our birds this year are better than we ever sold. Send for Free Book, or if you have had it, ask for new printed matter.

Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 324 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

GET POWER
The Supply Comes From Food

If we get power from food, why not strive to get all the power we can. That is only possible by use of skillfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer.

"From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heart-burn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed."

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed. All my unpleasant symptoms, the heart-burn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 98 to 116 lbs., my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. The Grape-Nuts food did it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

A ten days trial will show anyone some facts about food.

"There's a reason."



Marlin

Canada goose shooting affords the supreme test of a shot-gun, for the Canada goose is the strongest and hardest of all our waterfowl and it requires more hard-driven shot to stop one of these birds than any other feathered game except the swan.

The **Marlin** 12-gauge is especially adapted to all forms of wild-fowl shooting where the gun is exposed to many hardships, yet must remain in perfect working order and be able to reach strong flying ducks and geese at long range. It combines the balance and ease in handling of the best double guns—with the superior sighting and shooting of the single barrel. Made for both black and smokeless powder.

The **Marlin** has $\frac{1}{3}$ less parts than any repeating shot-gun made, therefore, weighs less and is assembled in half the time. The **Marlin** is the original solid top and side ejector, there is a solid shield of metal between you and the cartridge at all times. *The empties can't throw in your face.* The **Marlin** breechbolt shuts out the rain or snow, sand, twigs or leaves. *It keeps the shells dry.* This is a **Marlin** feature. No other gun has it. Accuracy in **Marlin** repeaters is absolute; they are always to be depended upon.

The **Marlin** 12-gauge new model No. 19, has two extractors, two-piece safety automatic recoil device and other important refinements. If you shoot you should know all about **Marlin** repeaters. Let us send you our 1905 Catalog and our book of real "Marlin Experiences." *Free for 6 cents postage.*

The Marlin Firearms Co. 17 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.

The **Marlin** Rust Repeller is the ideal rust preventative. Does not gum or drip, not affected by heat, cold or salt water. No matter how hot the firing, Rust Repeller sticks. If your dealer does not have it we will send you 1½ oz. tube for 15 cents.

Model No. 19—12-gauge, 30-inch full choked, regular "D" grade with fine Damascus barrel. Catalog list price \$90.00. 12-gauge grade "A," 26, 28, 30 or 32-inch barrel; weight 6½ to 7½ lbs. List price \$23.25. Less at your dealers.



The Truth About Stoves

By the Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World

MANY people have been deceived in believing that stoves were cheap because of a low price, when experience proves them the most expensive.

A small price may be paid for a stove which looks attractive in the catalogue, which has been described as "perfect," but it is liable to prove a very expensive purchase; for ten chances to one, trouble will arise from this stove in a month's time—it may not heat or cook properly, or it may consume fuel like a locomotive. Then the material in the stove itself may wear so poorly that at the end of a year or so it will have to be replaced.

You never get something for nothing in this world, and when you pay a small price for a stove, that price must cover the cost of material and labor, and include a reasonable profit, consequently inferior cast-iron and steel, and the cheapest and most inexperienced labor, must go into this seemingly low-priced stove.

Expert Stove Advice Free.

We have opened an "Advice Department," in charge of an expert stoveman, simply to tell the people, absolutely free of cost, all about stoves. And this expert will honestly advise you just which stove or range will best suit your needs. We also want those who have lost money on the seemingly inexpensive stove, to let us tell them how they can save money by buying a "Garland," even if the first cost is a little more than that of the cheap and unsatisfactory stove.

We want them to let us tell them about the advantages of "Garland" Stoves and Ranges, which always prove a good investment.

We make a "Garland" to fit every stove need, and have books accurately describing the different kinds. We could not afford to open this "Advice Department" or send out the valuable literature we do, free of charge, if "Garland" Stoves and Ranges were not distinctly superior to other makes; if the magnitude of our operations did not make it possible for us to sell them at reasonable prices, and if our reputation and methods of doing business did not insure absolute satisfaction.

If you are considering the purchase of a stove or range, cut out this coupon, check (this way ✓) the kind of stove you are interested in, mail it to us today, and you will promptly receive our Expert Advice as to just which stove is best suited to your needs, and why, and our literature, free of charge.

Detroit The Michigan Stove Company Chicago
Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World

Receiving our Expert Advice and literature will not put you under any obligation to buy. We simply desire the opportunity to give you the evidence of the tremendous superiority of "Garland" Stoves and Ranges, and leave the buying decision entirely with you.

In order that "Garland" Stoves and Ranges shall last, we make them of the very best materials and employ the most expert workmen in the world.

"Garland" Stoves and Ranges are durable and handsome in appearance. They are highly nickle-plated and each "Garland" will last a lifetime.

"Garland" Stoves and Ranges will not "burn out," but will heat and cook perfectly, and will save fuel, save repairs, save worry, save money.

We have local dealers who handle our stoves exclusively, in nearly every village, town and city in the United States. You can examine "Garlands" before you buy, instead of after.

You can satisfy yourself that "Garlands" are exactly as represented. There will be no freight to pay on "Garlands" and the dealer will set them up without charge.

If no dealer in your town sells "Garlands," or you decide to buy a stove not in your local dealer's stock, you can enjoy the above advantages. We will make a special arrangement so that the stove you want will be delivered to you and properly set up ready for use in your own home.

The Written Guarantee of The Michigan Stove Company accompanies every stove, and protects you by the absolute guarantee that every "Garland" is as represented—The World's Best.



Send me free of charge your Stove Book on: Base Burners, Gas Ranges, Coal Ranges, Steel Ranges, Cooking Stoves, Heating Stoves, Oak Stoves. Also your Expert Stove Advice free of charge.

Kind of Fuel Used.....
My Stove Dealer's Name is.....

My Name is.....

P. O. Address.....

Address Advice Department,
The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Mich.
Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World



12

No More Darning

Stop Darning

Men's Holeproof Sox
Fast colors; Black, Tan (light and dark), Pearl, Navy Blue, and Black legs with White feet. Sizes 9 to 12. Two grades: (a) Worsteds (medium weight). Sold only in boxes containing 6 pairs for \$2.50. (b) Cotton (medium and light weight). Sold only in boxes containing 6 pairs for \$1.50.

Holeproof Hosiery

Ladies' Holeproof Stockings
Fast colors; Black, Black legs with White feet, and Tan. Medium weight Egyptian Cotton. Sizes 8 to 11. Sold only in boxes containing 6 pairs for \$2.00. All shipping charges prepaid. One size only to a box. State size desired when ordering. We guarantee Holeproof Hosiery against holes for 6 months. Hose which need darning within 6 months from date of sale will be replaced by new ones.

HOLEPROOF HOSE CO.
Dept. H., Milwaukee, Wis.

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The Washer that Works Itself—

—and Pays for Itself

HAVE you got running water in your house? Well, if you have enough pressure on it I'll make it do all your washing without any work.

You can just throw the clothes into the tub, turn a tap, and our new Self-Working Washer will do the rest.

Now I know this sounds too easy and too good to be true. But it is true, every word of it. Here is the proof that it is true.

I'll send you one of these Self-Working Washers, to your own house, on a month's free trial.

I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket and I won't ask you a cent on deposit, nor a note, nor Security in any form.

I'll just trust any one I believe trustworthy with this whole machine. I'll take all the risk and expense of the Test myself.

If you find our Self-Working Washer won't wash clothes without your doing a thing to work it but turn a tap, then send it back to me at my expense.

If you find it won't do better washing than the Washboard, with far less wear on the clothes, send it back to me at my expense.

If it won't do the Washing in less than half the time your Washerwoman could do it, without the machine, then send it back to me at my expense.

Half your Washerwoman's time costs you about 60 cents a week. That is about \$30.00 a year. Our Self-Working Washer will save you that \$30.00 a year for the ten years it lasts, or \$300.00 in all.

And I'll take my pay for it out of what it saves you, so that the Washer thus pays for itself. Remember this: If you find it won't do all that I say, and save you half your Washing each week, all you've got to do is send it back to me, at my expense, before you pay a cent for it.

But, if you keep it after the month's free trial—you must pay me 50 cents a week out of what it saves you until the machine is paid for. Is that a fair offer?

Could I afford to send this Self-Working Washer on a full month's trial, at my own expense for freight, if there was any trick in this offer?

How could I make any money out of this kind of offer if the Washer wouldn't do all that I say it will?

Will you try our Self-Working Washer a month at my expense?

If you haven't got running water in your house, I'll tell you how this Washer can be worked without it.

Drop me a line today for further particulars.

Address R. F. Bieber, Treasurer 1900 Washer Co., 5001 Henry Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

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Humphrey

The construction of a Sectional Bookcase is more important than the price, yet the price of the

is as low as any although it has added instead of veneered ends—steel reinforced shelves that cannot sag—doors equipped with the Humphrey Patent Door Guide that prevents binding—and other exclusive advantages. It is the only Sectional Bookcase with each section perfectly dust-proof. Send for catalog and choose from the most complete line in the world. Exclusive styles, new ideas. Dealers in principal cities. If no dealer in your town we ship direct at lowest prices, subject to approval. Write to-day for catalog.

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Luxurious Smoking

French's Mixture is the highest grade smoking tobacco manufacturer—a superb blend of fine old North Carolina Golden Leaf, carefully selected and perfectly cured. Fragrant, deliciously mild, does not bite the tongue.

French's Mixture is sold direct from factory to smoker—cannot be bought of dealers. Large sample package for 10 cents, silver or stamps. Ask for booklet.

FRENCH TOBACCO CO.
Dept. C Statesville, N. C.

4% Interest

Our capital and surplus of **Six Million Dollars** means every dollar deposited with this bank. We have many strong arguments in favor of our method of BANKING by MAIL, which space prevents us from explaining here. We will therefore be pleased to send our free booklet "It" which tells you all about it.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS AND TRUST CO. CLEVELAND, O.
ASSETS OVER FORTY MILLION DOLLARS

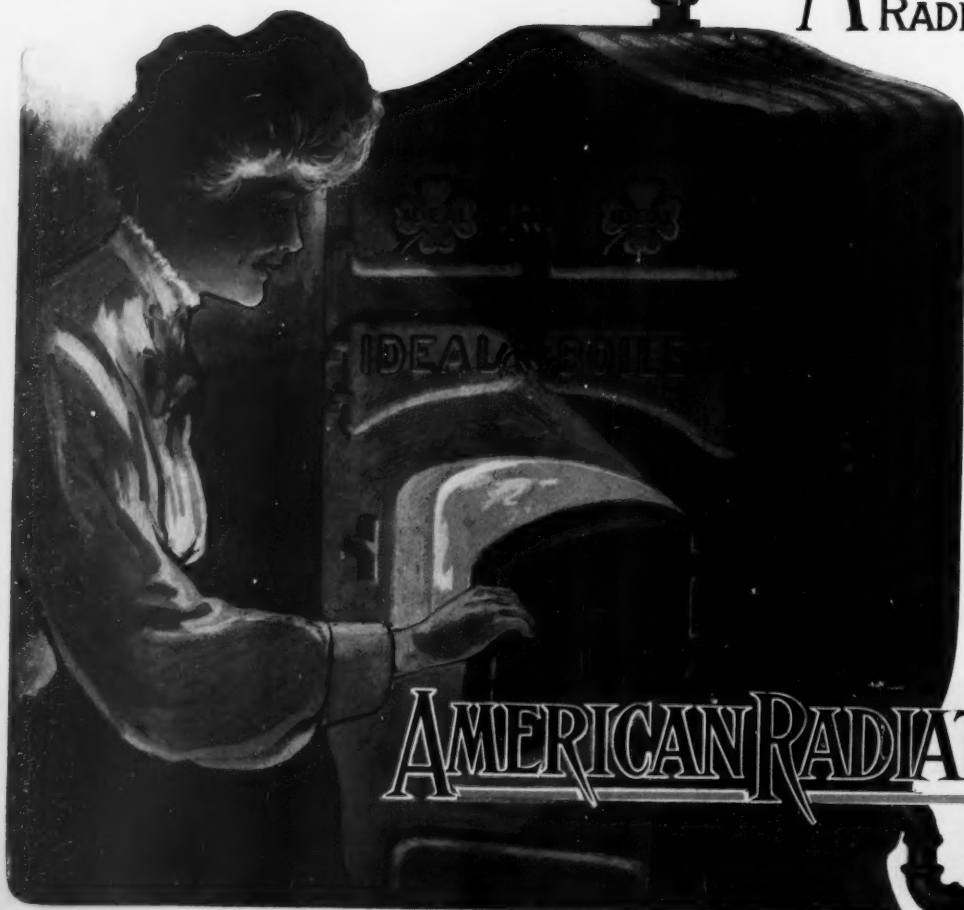
Take the pang out of winter.

September coolness warns of the sharp pangs of coming Winter. Prepare for it now—not then, when it's here. Be ready at the turn of a valve to make June of January in your cottage, house, office, store, church, school, etc.

Those who remember last Winter's cold—and those who like to begin the day right by rising, bathing, dressing and breakfasting in cozily warmed rooms—and those who know what it means to have warm corners and warm floors for children's play—and those who know what cold, drafty hallways cost them each winter in discomfort and doctor's bills—and everybody else who lives in our Florida-to-Greenland-in-twelve-hours climate should all know there is but one way out—the only sure cure is an outfit of



AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS



They evenly warm ALL of the building. The fire keeps all night. Burn any kind of fuel. *Outfit pays for itself in fuel and labor savings.* Costs less to put in than you think. Absence of dust and ashes from the living rooms also takes the "pang" out of housework. There is absolute safety—the fire risk is lessened. Anyone can take care of an IDEAL Boiler—easier to run than a stove.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are made in sizes to warm any building—OLD or new, FARM or city. Put in without disturbing building or occupants. Need not connect to street water pipes. Our outfit outwears the building—needs no repairs. Can be changed in size if building is rebuilt. Makes the property easier to rent or to sell. Your neighbors will tell you of their satisfaction and fuel savings, but you will need our valuable book to choose from. Mailed free to those who tell us the size and kind of building they wish to heat. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are warehoused in all parts of America and Europe. If you are paying the bills and suffering the ills of old-fashioned heating, write us today.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 46.

CHICAGO

